PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 42 (New Series) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1931 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 733
THE BATTLE AT SAVOY HILL 736
THE "KNAVE-PROOF" TARIFF. By Oswald Garrison Villard 737
A LONDON DIARY. 738
MOONEY. By S. K. Ratcliffe 739
THE MIDDLE-CLASS PROBLEM. By Judith Todd . 740
ON CHARITY. By Y. Y. 742
"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE." By MacFlecknoe . 742
CORRESPONDENCE 743
From Prof. H. J. Laski; The Editor of the *Daily Express*; Claude Leigh; R. W. S.; Joseph Gale; E. N. Gladden; Julian Bell; J. Ellis Barker; An Italian; H. G. Wood; C. R. Henderson; An Exile; Agnes Mure Mackenzie; Gilbert Thomas.
COLLOQUY WITH A PIRATE. By F. W. Jackson . 746
THE VARSITY MATCH. By Geoffrey Weald . Page 746
PLAYS AND PICTURES 747
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne . . 749
REVIEWS:
British Imperialism. By Kingsley Martin . . 750
New Novels. By Gerald Bullett 752
The French. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 754
Mr. Sturge Moore. By Austin Clarke . . . 754
A Great Irishman. By L. A. G. Strong . . 758
"The Genius of Women." By Lyn Ll. Irvine . 760
SHORTER NOTICES 762
BREVITIES ON BOOKS 762
ABOUT MOTORING 762
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 764
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 766

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE first session of the new Parliament has ended in an atmosphere of chilled hopes. The pound sterling, international trade and the unemployment register have all refused to come to heel at the whistle of the National Government. There are Mr. Runciman's Anti-Dumping duties, to be sure. But the effect of these still remains to be seen. So far they have provoked irritation and reprisals abroad, and anxiety among those who still profess Free Trade principles on the Government side. To the Conservatives they are merely the prelude to an all-round scheme of Protection, which is being urged impatiently by the back-bench hosts and by all the Tory newspapers except the *Times*. The Opposition is, of course, too weak to produce any impression, and Mr. MacDonald could make light of the Labour Party's Vote of Censure. His difficulty will be to hold in his own team of dubious supporters.

* * *

He has staved off for the moment the demand for duties on iron and steel, which Mr. Amery and his friends pressed hard last Wednesday. But Mr. Runciman, though he says that he is opposed to "taking gamblers' risks," has had to promise a decision a couple of months hence. And we shall be surprised if he is not forced to capitulate in the end. It is easy enough for Free Traders to demonstrate that we risk losing more, in the steel-using trades, from a tariff than the heavy industries themselves can hope to gain. But the confidence of tariffists remains unshaken, and they have a clear majority in the House of Commons. There will doubtless be inquiry before a tariff is imposed, but the result is practically a foregone conclusion—up to a point. The point, however, is important; for it remains to be settled both what classes of goods are to be taxed, and how high the duties are to be. It is, we hope, not contemplated in any responsible quarter that we should impose a high tariff on imports of iron and steel; the consequence would certainly be a sharp rise in the prices of manufactured metal goods, and very serious damage to our export trade. If there must be a tariff, it should be kept low; but how much effect is a low tariff likely to have on the volume of imports? In face of this dilemma, it ought to be considered whether a quota system may not be open to less objection, in present circumstances, than either high or low duties. And in any case price-guarantees from British producers should be insisted on before any form of protection is applied.

* * *

The proposed Wheat Quota is being strongly criticised from three angles. Its obviously adverse reactions upon the price of the loaf make a rallying-point for Free Trade opinion, not only because more home-grown wheat means dearer wheat, but because, as the millers are proclaiming, the quota "would completely dis-

organise the milling and grain trade." The agricultural interests too are dissatisfied with what they regard as a vague and timid proposal, unlikely to give the farmers more than a pale shadow of the protection they are claiming. The milling interests are up in arms. They object to the quota, in part because of the nuisance of a bureaucratic control of their industry, which would play havoc with the delicate operations of the grain market, but still more because a wheat quota without a tariff on flour would mean less business for British mills. Hence their surprising denunciation of the whole project — surprising at least to some people. It will be noticed that the National Association of British and Irish Millers favours the "straightforward" method of a tariff "including preference to the Dominions." There is a family likeness which already has provoked comment between their propaganda and Lord Beaverbrook's.

* * *

There will be few tears shed over the abandonment of the Snowden land tax—for the suspension of work on valuation pretty clearly means the dropping of the tax itself. The tax, as we argued in these columns when it was before Parliament, was a badly conceived affair; the only sound part of the whole scheme was the valuing of the land, which might at least have been the basis for a better form of taxation. In all the circumstances, the chief interest in this episode centres in Lord Snowden himself. Was ever a front-rank politician made to look more pitiful than this man of granite? His land tax was to be a "return of God's gift to the people," but the old robbers (if we accept his own view of them), who are his new friends, remain secure in the enjoyment of their loot. When he was in the Labour Party he would die in the last ditch for Free Trade; among the Conservatives he raises no protest against measures of Protection. A wheat quota was anathema to him as Chancellor of the Exchequer; what does he say about it as Lord Privy Seal? We wonder if Viscount Snowden is ever embarrassed by the ghost of Mr. Philip Snowden.

* * *

Such lingering hopes as we had about Manchuria have now vanished. The performance in Paris during the past week has been pitiable. The League Council has given way point by point to Japanese objections and demands. The "neutral zone" is gone, and the Chinese are apparently to be pushed out of Chinchow. The Japanese army, either by itself, or acting perhaps through a so-called "independent" Chinese Government at Mukden, will be in effective possession of all of Manchuria that matters. The Japanese army may even be left free to deal with banditry (as interpreted by itself). As regards the Commission of Inquiry, it will consist, according to the latest report, of five members, representing Great Britain, France, America, Germany, and Italy. But what it will be allowed to do is highly doubtful. Tokio has made it pretty clear that there is to be no "foreign intervention," and that a report on the state of affairs in Manchuria by the Commission when it arrives there would be regarded as intervention. Unless there is a last hour miracle, the members of the League Council will come home bringing neither peace nor honour, and Japan, having flicked Covenant and Kellogg Pact to the winds, will remain, if she wants to, encamped in Chinese territory.

* * *

Mr. Hoover and Dr. Brüning have set the alarm bells ringing with a vengeance. The United States, said the President, in his message to Congress on Tuesday, is faced with the prospect of deficits running into thousands of millions of dollars in the next two fiscal years. And to meet these he proposes drastic retrenchment and monster increases in taxation. In Germany, where the situation is, of course, more desperate, a new emergency decree has been issued, imposing sacrifices that may prove to be the last straw. There are to be cuts in wages, salaries, social insurance benefits, interest rates and rents. There is to be more taxation, with severe penalties for evasion. And the wearing of uniforms, the holding of mass meetings, and the carrying of arms are prohibited. This decree was followed by a broadcast speech in which the Chancellor spoke winged words to Herr Hitler. On the face of them these words are a deliberate defiance of the Nazi leader. Will he take up the challenge? Or is it possible, as some think, that instead of fighting he will make terms which will bring him into the Government—and before long push Dr. Brüning out? In any case, Germany is threatened with an upheaval whose consequences cannot be foreseen. Even the Quai d'Orsay, we imagine, must be feeling doubtful about its chances of a happy Christmas.

* * *

This week's discussions at Basle have revealed that the total of Germany's short-term debts is a good deal larger than has hitherto been supposed. A few months ago the Layton-Wiggin report estimated them at 8,000,000,000 reichsmarks; but now the official German estimate puts the total at 12,000,000,000, less 1,000,000,000 already repaid. This is the formidable sum about which some satisfactory arrangement has to be made before February if a German collapse is to be averted. The French have picked the occasion of the Basle negotiations for another emphatic declaration of their refusal to allow the priority of commercial debts over reparations, or to admit any interference with the fundamental structure of the Young Plan. But the extent to which French interests would be jeopardised if the mark were to collapse, and drag down the pound with it, has been well illustrated this week by the Bank of France's losses owing to the fall in sterling. The French Government has now agreed to credit the Bank with funds to cover its losses—the logical sequel to its appropriation of the Bank's past gains from opposite currency movements. But obviously the depreciation of the pound is against French interests, in finance as well as commerce; and we are still not without hope that the French will realise in time that German collapse, with its inevitable reaction on Great Britain and other countries, would be nearly as disastrous for them as for us.

* * *

After a labour of nearly five months the Cortes Constituyentes in Madrid have hammered out the new Constitution. Spain is declared to be a "democratic republic of all classes of workers." It is organised on a more or less federal basis, which allows for a substantial degree of home rule to regions and municipalities.

The President is to be elected for six years. There will be only one Chamber, and all citizens, male and female, over 23 will have the Franchise. The Referendum must be applied on the demand of 15 per cent. of the electorate. The Church and the religious orders have been disestablished and disendowed, and complete freedom of conscience is guaranteed. On one important social question Spain has followed the Russian model. There is to be equality of rights for both sexes in marriage; divorce is made easy, and the State will recognise no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children. The Constitution looks well enough on paper; but the task of administration is not going to be simple. The suppression of the Church has caused a good deal of bitter feeling, especially in the Basque provinces, and Señor Alcalá Zamora himself, the President, is on the clerical side. Monarchism does not count for much at the moment, though the outlawry of Don Alfonso has probably done little good to the Republic. But the divisions among the political parties will make a stable Government difficult. And there are economic difficulties in the deplorable state of trade and finance.

* * *

After the rising of the Round Table and pending Mr. Gandhi's arrival in India, public interest is fixed on the personnel of the Committees which are to carry on the work of the Conference. It is generally assumed that Lord Sankey will go to India, and several other good names have been canvassed in private. We hope that the Prime Minister, who has earned praise for his conduct of the final stage of the Conference in London, will do as well in this exceedingly important matter of the Committees. If they fail to win confidence amongst any of the sections of Indian opinion, the position will be desperate. As it is there are ominous rumours that the Moslems are devising trouble in Bengal—in Bengal first and then elsewhere. And Bengal is already in a ferment over the new Ordinances for the suppression of terrorism. These Ordinances as they stand will not, we believe, suppress terrorism; they will be far more effective if they are modified. In their present shape they are a rock of offence not merely to Congress fanatics, but to moderate and liberal-minded men who are equally opposed to gunman methods and to "Black and Tannery."

* * *

It must be galling for our Conservative newspapers to find that the anti-Bolshevik stuff supplied by their young gentlemen in Riga makes so little impression on British business men. We read in the *Times* last week a speech in which Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, Chairman of Tube Investments, Limited, argued in plain and bold words for common sense about trade with Russia and for a more decent presentation of Russian news. This week we have read a still more weighty document—a report unanimously adopted by the Executive Council of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce. This body, after reviewing all the difficulties and the objections which are raised from one quarter or another, concludes that Anglo-Russian trade is of great mutual importance, and urges that we should do as Italy and France have done, and come to a sensible arrangement with the Soviet Government. The present position, the report declares, is intolerable. We have a heavy adverse trade balance, and we know that "the money obtained by Russia for her imports into England is used almost entirely for the purpose of purchasing machinery and tools from England's competitors." That is not because the Russians dislike English goods; on the contrary, they like them. The chief cause is the prejudice masquerading as principle which possesses our politicians. We hope that the Chambers of Commerce will press their case.

* * *

There were some optimists who supposed that, when this country went off the gold standard, the last had been heard for the time being of the threatened attack on wages and working-class conditions. But it is already clear enough that there is no good ground for this opinion. The dockers have been compelled this week to accept a big cut in wages; and the cotton employers have been in full cry, not only for lower wages, but also for a longer working week. It is true that in this latter case the attacking party seems to have beaten a temporary retreat. But it seems unlikely that the attack has been permanently called off. In the case of the dockers the plea is that of redressing the balance between the sheltered and the unsheltered trades. Admittedly rates of wages at the docks have remained relatively high; but work has been so intermittent as to bring earnings down far below nominal rates for the majority of men concerned, and the present reductions are bound to cause serious hardship. The dockers are in no position to fight. They are weakened by the large surplus of labour at the ports; and if they stopped transport just now they would certainly be denounced as unpatriotic, and blamed for everything that might go wrong with trade and the pound.

* * *

It is curious that Sir William Jowitt, with his admirable qualifications on the platform and in debate, should have become such a drug on the political market. Abandoning Preston at the General Election—though he had already served his constituents as a representative of two parties before associating himself with a third—he sought refuge from the turmoil of the hustings in the backwater of the Combined Universities. But his unique record made no appeal to our provincial intelligentsia, and he remained Attorney-General without a seat. He is now apparently awaiting the outcome of a satisfactory "deal" between some constituency eager for the glittering prize of his services and the managers of his party—unless indeed his catholicity of conviction has shorn him by now of all party ties. The episode of the Montrose Burghs is curious. It was apparently given out, semi-officially, in the Burghs that such a deal had been arranged—Sir Robert Hutchison was to get a peerage, Sir William Jowitt a seat, and the electors of Montrose Sir William. But the electors have rejected the bargain, and the Montrose Burghs are "off." It is now rumoured that two Conservative seats are similarly to be vacated by the promotion of their representatives to the Lords; but "Sir William will not be a candidate for either of them." Why not, one wonders? The chance of sitting as a a "National Conservative," and so rounding off his political Odyssey, seems to us too good to be missed.

THE BATTLE OF SAVOY HILL

> How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
> A little herd of England's timorous deer.
> *King Henry VI, Pt. I. iv, 2.*

THE resignation of Miss Hilda Matheson, who has been head of the Talks department during the last five years, makes it imperative that the public should know something of the struggle that has been going on within the B.B.C., and should understand the issues involved. Miss Matheson's resignation has nothing to do with feminism, as one paper suggested, nor with a "high-brow *versus* low-brow" controversy, nor is it due to differences of political outlook. It is primarily a question of freedom. Miss Matheson is in a position of an editor. She plans and choses the Talks, and if her judgment is not trusted her work becomes impossible. When a similar fate overtook Massingham on the *Chronicle* he was able to go to the *Daily News*. When the directorate changed the policy of the *Saturday Review* over the head of the editor, Mr. Gerald Barry could found a new weekly. But Miss Matheson and her colleagues cannot found a rival B.B.C., and the public must therefore decide whether the policy which she has so far been carrying out, presumably with the support and encouragement of Sir John Reith and the Governors, is one that they approve, or whether they are willing tamely to accept her resignation as a sign of its reversal.

The B.B.C. is in a position of great responsibility, and Miss Matheson and Sir John Reith have used their power well and given English broadcasting its high reputation. It is almost the only wireless service uncontaminated by the private interests of business corporations, and, though opinions may differ as to the fairness in apportioning the time between different political parties, everyone will agree that a wide variety of opinion has been expressed and that the Talks have maintained a high standard. In the last few months, however, a series of attacks have been made by persons who desire that the B.B.C. shall be nothing but an organ of conservative propaganda, and that all unconventional views, whether political, economic or moral, should be suppressed. The *Morning Post*, for instance, took violent exception to a series of Talks on Russia. These were all given by acknowledged experts, some of whom spoke favourably of particular aspects of the Soviet experiment, while others were more insistent on its fallacies and dangers. The *Morning Post* was outraged that anyone should be allowed to express anything but abhorrence of the Soviet system. We have valued Sir John Reith as Director-General in the past just because he has been impervious to such attacks. A month ago, however, the *Morning Post* inserted a paragraph to the effect that the Director-General was to exercise more control over the Talks in consequence of *Morning Post* criticism of them, that the chairman of the Board of Governors (Mr. Whitley) was exercising his authority over book criticisms, that there would be a "far more stringent censorship" for theatre and film criticisms as well as for books. The truth of these statements has now been confirmed by Miss Matheson's resignation.

The first fruits of the new policy have already matured. It is now announced that there are to be no Talks about novels after the end of this year. Talks about drama are not in future to include criticisms of particular plays—a rule which will certainly tax all the ingenuity of broadcasters on the drama. These new rules are not due, as some might imagine, to any pressure from theatre managers or publishers or authors, who, in fact, much prefer a necessary discrimination by a competent critic to the drying up of one of the most important sources of publicity. The real explanation is quite simple. The Board of Governors is almost entirely composed of old men, entirely out of touch with modern thought. These old men have become increasingly frightened, frightened as old men do become, because critics have at times drawn attention to plays and books which they have themselves not approved, frightened lest what they regard as dangerous tendencies in modern thought should seem to receive any encouragement from the B.B.C. Therefore, not long ago they passed a rule that "nothing that contravened conventional morality" should be heard on the wireless, that no book, play or film that dealt with the difficult problems of sexual morality should be discussed. No competent person could be found to review plays or novels under such conditions, since these problems do, in fact, form the theme of most plays and novels. Therefore, plays are not, in the future, to be mentioned and no novels are to be reviewed. If this policy were really to be pursued to its logical conclusion, there is little in literature which could be permitted on the wireless—certainly much of the classics, Shakespeare and the Old Testament would be quickly ruled out and the B.B.C. would be reduced to a succession of dance music and vaudeville turns. That, we know, is not Sir John Reith's conception of B.B.C. policy, but, whether he realises it or not, that is the path on which his feet are now set.

The truth is that Sir John and the Governors, like many other guardians of public morals, are approaching their problem from the wrong end. You will not prevent people forming bad political judgments by suppressing dangerous doctrines. You will not promote an improvement in public morality by keeping the unorthodox from the microphone. Clearly a very special care must be taken in broadcasting to an infinitely various audience. But the young men and women who frequent the cinema will not be kept innocent by being kept ignorant of the existence of "modern" authors. Sir John Reith has always shown an admirable desire to use the wireless for something else as well as for entertainment. Entertainment is one of its functions, but education is another. What we suggest to Sir John is that there is only one method by which he can use his great educational opportunity. He can find the most competent thinkers and critics of diverse views, political, economic, artistic and social, and let them state their case with freedom and sincerity. It is his duty to help people to form their own opinions, not to make an effort which must be futile to persuade them all to hold his opinions by suppressing those which he fears. Democracy, if it means anything, means that people have the chance to form their judgments on the basis of knowledge, and the development of wireless at length makes it possible to spread that knowledge through the length and breadth of society.

For that reason the political side of this controversy is perhaps even more important than its artistic side. If the policy of permitting persons of opposite political and economic opinions is to be abandoned, and the microphone is only to be open to persons of orthodox or conventional views, the world may be made for the time more safe for conservatism, but there is an end of the B.B.C. as an educative influence. We see, for instance, that Lord Lloyd is shortly to broadcast his views upon politics and the Empire. To us they are ludicrous views, but it is highly desirable that the public should understand them, always provided that an equally extreme opponent—if one can be found—is permitted also to broadcast in the opposite sense. If the policy of fear and conventionality is adopted, the listening public must be deprived of much more than Lord Lloyd. It will lose its unique opportunity of coming into contact with the chief formative influences of the day, since the formative influences cannot, by the nature of things, be entirely conventional. One by one the majority of the most distinguished personalities in the country will fall into the "black list," and the one real hope left us of having in this country an educated electorate will be irretrievably lost. This is no party issue. We appeal to the Postmaster-General and the Prime Minister to see that the Governor soon to be appointed is a man who has not outlived the thought of his generation. And we rely on enlightened members of all political parties and creeds to unite to safeguard us all from the censorship of these timorous and disastrous old men.

THE "KNAVE-PROOF" TARIFF

NOTHING in the entire Conservative campaign for tariffs for England has interested American students of protective duties more than Stanley Baldwin's declaration that the tariff he desires set up will be made "knave-proof." This highly desirable end is to be achieved by creating a "permanent tariff commission, non-political, upon whose recommendations tariff variations would be made, subject only to the assent of Parliament." This language has for years been familiar to us, for here, too, we have been trying to "take the tariff out of politics"; to put it on "a scientific basis"; to "take it out of the hands of its beneficiaries"; to "separate it from the political parties, so that it will not corrupt them," with most interesting results. True, no prominent advocate of Protection in the United States has ventured so far as to use the word "knave" in connection with the system "which has made America great," but otherwise Mr. Baldwin might have borrowed his exact language and his ideas from the late President Harding, from President Coolidge, and from the present Chief Executive in Washington.

For the device of a Tariff Commission with regulatory powers has been in existence in the United States since 1922. Its creation was widely heralded everywhere as marking a new era in American politics and economics. No other motive but the public weal was to control its actions, and it was to be free to alter tariffs as it saw fit; to move the rates up or down whenever it appeared that one of our "infant industries" (how infantile Europe well knows) was getting too much or too little governmental favour. What was the result? As Senator La Follette showed, in the years from 1923 to 1928 inclusive the Commission had lowered the duties in only five cases, in each of which the duties were cut exactly in half. What were these five important articles thus selected from the 1,700 schedules which burden the American consumer? Read and be impressed: Mill feeds, "bran, etc."; Bobwhite quail; paint-brush handles; cresylic acid, and phenol! Nothing more, nothing less.

Now it must be recorded that the Commission did make serious efforts to deal with other articles which are indispensable to every American of either sex, such as wheat and sugar. In the case of wheat the Commission studied the situation in the remarkably short time of four months—it frequently took from 40 to 55 months—and the President then, by proclamation, increased the duty from 30 to 42 cents a bushel. Let us see what happened to sugar. The Commission transmitted its study July 31, 1924, to President Coolidge, 16 months after beginning work on it. Not until June 15th of the next year did Mr. Coolidge act upon the recommendation which for 11 months had lain upon his desk. Then two and one-half years after the beginning of the inquiry by the Commission which was to have revised the tariff "from week to week and month to month" the President finally issued his proclamation setting aside the Commission's recommendation and saying that while a reduction had been recommended to him the then existing conditions warranted him, he felt, in postponing the enforcement of the Commission's recommendation. It was a decision which cost the American housewife millions of dollars—especially as the present Hoover tariff signed by the President, despite the protest of some 1,200 members of the American Economic Association, including the leading teachers and professors of economics and many business men, raised the tariff on raw sugar from 1.7648 cents per pound to two cents! Thus was the new scientific handling of the tariff demonstrated.

All in all this first Tariff Commission undertook 33 investigations in 1923, six (including butter, halibut, Swiss cheese, and straw hats) in 1924, nine in 1925, twelve in 1926, twelve in 1927, ten in 1928. In the case of linseed oil the inquiry lasted 75 months; in that of plate glass it took 70 months to establish the facts—this by way of quick and flexible action. In addition to the five above cited instances in which this Commission reduced duties, it raised the duties in 32 cases. This was the total of its achievements during five years—37 schedules altered out of a total of 1,700. For the first five years of its existence, prior to 1922, it *was* a scientific, impartial, non-political investigating agency. The minute it was given the power of control and revision it became, as Senator Costigan wrote, "the legitimate prey of those who deal in the unfair practices that the Commission was created to destroy."

The crooked body from which Senator Costigan resigned was put out of its misery in 1930, when under the present tariff, approved by Mr. Hoover, it was mustered out by Congress, and a new, scientific, absolutely clean and uncontrolled Commission was authorised and appointed by Mr. Hoover to take the tariff out of politics once more. Well, what has it accomplished? Here we can cite the official statement of July 12th last of the Commission itself. This Commission is even empowered to recommend a higher or lower duty by as much as fifty per cent. of the rate fixed by law. Yet in the first nine months of its existence this Commission completed only 22 investigations involving 46 items. Increases were recommended for 10 items and decreases in 12. As to 24 items it recommended no change.

Decreases went into effect on pipe-organs (where admission fees are not to be charged to persons listening to the aforesaid organs!), olive-oil in packages, wood flour, pigskin leather, maple sugar and syrup, edible gelatine, wool-felt, and sewed straw hats, etc. On the other hand the Commission came to the rescue of our embattled bicycle-bell manufacturers and raised the duty on that vital article of national consumption. Also it protected and presumably increased the bank accounts of the manufacturers of woven-wire fencing, netting and cloth; hemp, cordage, dried egg products, cylinder wire, and Fourdrinier wire—whatever that

may be. With the exception of hats there is nothing on the list of particular importance to the American people. Finally, it has been figured out by the New York *Nation* that at its present rate of achievement it will take the Tariff Commission about seventy years to overhaul the whole of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, and give us the knave-proof, scientific tariff we are clamouring for!

Now I am aware that Mr. Baldwin may well claim that these two Tariff Commissions will not be precedents for a British knave-proof Commission. Really judicial and competent men will be appointed—men who will act quickly even if they have to deal with such problems as the proper tariffs for diethylbarbituric acid, or barbital (upon which our late Tariff Commission spent twenty months), or "smokers' articles of synthetic phenol resin," or tomato paste, or matzos, or crude magnesite and magnesite brick, and soya beans and whiting. It is true that yours is a better and purer, and far more faithful civil service than ours, and that you have copper-fastened corrupt-practices Acts. What is more important, it is also true that Great Britain has not been steeped in more than a century of tariff corruption, during which time tariff duties with us have been auctioned off to the highest bidders, who have paid their bids into the campaign chests. You have not yet raised up anyone like the head of the Manufacturers' Association of Pennsylvania. This gentleman came to Washington, when the Hawley-Smoot tariff was in process of scientific log-rolling, announced that his Association had contributed $700,000 to the Coolidge campaign fund and $547,000 to Mr. Hoover's; that his Association and he now demanded their pay in the shape of a tariff so high that *no article manufactured abroad of a kind also manufactured anywhere in the United States* could possibly pass over the barriers. Again, England has yet to witness the brazen indecency of a company's appearing before a legislative committee, as here in 1929, demanding a higher duty in order to stave off a "ruinous" foreign competition, when that same company had earned a profit of $12,000,000 in 1922 and $63,000,000 in 1928.

But when you put on tariffs you put the Government into partnership in every business which profits therefrom. Every such business becomes a special privilege, and at once joins with every other similarly favoured business in seeking additional pap. The more it is "temporarily" given a governmental nursing bottle the more it cries for it and insists that it cannot live without it. It at once becomes certain that no group of scientific experts can possibly know as well as the "practical," experienced men who run it what its needs really are, and how foreign competition in its line is really to be met. Organised protected business becomes at once the richest and the most easily reached group of organisations to snap the whip over politicians and fill the party purses. It is not knavery to take money from tariff-favoured individuals so that you may save the nation from Bolshevism, or bankruptcy, or the competition of the miserable, sweat-shop workers of Europe. It is a grand rallying cry: Let all good patriots and nationalists save our protected industries and our factory labourers from destruction by the underpaid German, Frenchman, Czechoslovak, and Turk.

Finally, a knave-proof Tariff Commission with such powers as Mr. Baldwin suggests means practically the setting up of an independent body with legislative powers. It will always be subjected to the corrupting influence that inheres in the mere fact that it is in the business of regulating and adjusting the profits of a certain class in the community and fixing precisely the toll that every consumer must pay when the price of each product is artificially raised whether by Parliament, or Commission, or the Executive. Mr. James A. Reed, lately Senator from Kansas, has put it more briefly. Speaking of our present tariff he said: "It permits gross robberies for the benefit of a favoured few"—and no Tariff Commission can change that fact.

New York. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

A LONDON DIARY

WHAT a curious world we live in! The other day I went to a tea party to meet many of the most enlightened and progressive Indian delegates to the Round Table Conference and to hear their impressions of the situation twenty-four hours after the Conference ended. One of the most intelligent and humane of the Hindu delegates, a man second only to Mr. Gandhi in reputation, talked to us for half an hour. He wanted to impress upon us the necessity for giving India not sham, but real responsibility. I had every sympathy with him and his desire, and, did it rest with me, I would give him responsible Government to-morrow morning with both hands. But as I listened to him, the grim reality of western civilisation with its heavily armoured Great State, which we Europeans have forced upon the whole world as the only ideal, rose before my eyes, and I slunk out into Victoria Street depressed and abashed. For this sincere and humane Indian could not get away from the subject of the Indian army. Again and again he returned to it. India had no control of its army; the army must be officered by Indians; no one in England could understand the shame of having a foreign army in the country; responsible government would be a sham unless India had control of its army; and so on and so on. All true, no doubt, but not a word about India controlling its own culture; its own education, its own economic system, its own terrible problem of poverty. And every time he mentioned the army, we all nodded approval—the Indian ladies, the old English clergyman, and the ex-M.P. whom I had met so often on pacifist platforms.

* * *

Shortly after Mr. Gandhi arrived in London, I gave my first impressions of him. I should like to add a postscript on his departure, based on a nearer view of him. A remarkable characteristic of him is his sense of humour. The idea that Indians have no sense of humour is not uncommon among Anglo-Indians. The idea is absurd. Indians have a sense of humour of their own, but it is rarely European, and still more rarely English. The Mahatma is one of the few Indians (I exclude the Burmese) who seem to have a genuine understanding and appreciation of our peculiar humour. I have seen him shake with laughter at a typical piece of English irony, while most of his Indian friends did little more than smile from politeness, and he takes obvious pleasure in the rapidity of his own reply in the same ironical vein. This characteristic is only one example of his great quickness and suppleness of mind. Moreover, he is much the most human saint I have ever met—and in Asia, as in so many other places, saintliness and humanity are not often found in the same heart or brain.

* * *

The reception of Mr. Justice McCardie's outspoken and sensible remarks about the injustice and stupidity of the law relating to sexual conduct shows how immensely public opinion has advanced in the last few years. The only counter-attack we have seen came from Father Woodlock. And he gave the basis of his case away when he said: "Environment *we know* to be more important than heredity." For that was Mr. Justice McCardie's point. The persons whom he refused to imprison at Leeds Assizes—notorious for the crowding of cases dealing with sexual offences—were victims of circumstance. They were both persons of excellent character, one a poor brick-setter pleading guilty to bigamy, and the other a poverty-stricken mother of seven children charged under the Offences Against the Person Act, 1861, with procuring drugs for the purpose of abortion. In each case Mr. Justice McCardie drew the attention of the jury to his duty as a judge to assess the punishment, if any, merited under the law. In his opinion the law in regard to bigamy and abortion is inappropriate to the convention of modern time. From his eloquent summing up of both cases

it was obvious that the difficulties of the defendants arose out of their poverty and ignorance. There was no ground for supposing that they had intended to break the law or that they were motivated by immoral purposes. Both the man and the woman were forced to act in darkness and confusion, because in their lives there had been no form of guidance about such ugly, complex, personal problems. Opportunely enough, Mrs. Janet Chance's *The Cost of English Morals* (Noel Douglas) has just been published. Mrs. Chance discusses, with frankness and sincerity, just those problems to which Mr. Justice McCardie has called public attention.

* * *

The manners and customs of hunting in England are strange. Staying in the country last Saturday morning, I was walking with my host up and down a great lawned terrace overlooking a wide prospect of meadows. Suddenly along the wall and fence of his garden just below us appeared a pack of beagles with huntsmen and field. They proceeded to draw the meadows just outside the garden. When the whole pack had passed beyond the first meadow, we saw a hare get up from the ground over which they had just passed and not more than 50 yards from us, hop through the hedge, through my host's fence, across the lawned terrace, and into his kitchen garden. How the hounds missed her I cannot imagine, for the whole pack and field must have passed almost over her back. Unfortunately a village youth had seen what happened and halloed the huntsman. The pack was brought back and naturally followed the scent to the place where the hare went through the fence, i.e., they hunted the hare about 25 yards. The huntsman then went to the gate in the fence and, without asking leave of my host who was standing just above on the terrace, opened it and let the hounds in. In a second the garden was full of hounds, huntsmen, and people. It was not a question of the end of a run—there had been no run—it was merely letting a whole pack of hounds into a closed private garden to slaughter a hare among the broccoli. My host protested vigorously and, in the confusion which followed, the hare performed a second miracle, for she suddenly appeared out of the broccoli in the middle of the pack, raced across the orchard and terrace, and disappeared through the fence. She thereby got a good start, for the hounds could not follow her through the fence and had to be taken all the way round to the gate.

* * *

When Vachel Lindsay came to London in 1920 he made his great voice, with its marvellous range of tone, boom in public halls, college rooms, drawing-rooms, and editorial offices. He would entice self-conscious groups of English men and women to follow him in intoning his choruses from "The Congo" or the "Daniel Jazz." With half-shut eyes, he boomed away, urging them on to greater fervour. I recall his visit to the editorial lunch of the *Nation*, when Massingham was presiding over the table. A well-known American war correspondent had been answering questions about the presidential election of that year. When he had finished, Lindsay, incited by C. F. G. Masterman, broke into a chant of his poem about Bryan's great silver campaign of 1896, saying that it fitted quite well the election of Warren Harding. Meeting him in the United States several times more recently, I got the impression that he had somewhat lost his way and was not happy in the America of blatant prosperity and salesmanship. Doubtless he felt more at home in the subdued America of his last two years. Vachel Lindsay was altogether a voice of the Bryan epoch and of the western small-town folk who brought Prohibition and are still clinging to Fundamentalism.

* * *

A trade unionist last week gave me an interesting picture of industrial conditions in Coventry. "We used to hear some years ago," he said, "a good deal about being 'too old at forty,' but it will soon be a case of 'too old at twenty-one' in the Coventry motor industry." According to his account, scientific management, the introduction of a large number of new machines making mass production possible and extending to woodwork and such operations as painting, and the enormous subdivision of labour have resulted in the substitution of unskilled and boy labour for adult and skilled labour. The result is that the motor industry has become a blind-alley occupation for a large number of boys who are employed until the age of eighteen or nineteen and are then discontinued. These young men are thrown on to the labour market and the dole with no kind of training.

* * *

The following is the solution of last week's test in applied economics: The traveller pays for his own drinks by his exertions in transporting the depreciated dollars to the states where they command their full value. The "catch" in the puzzle lies in the fact that the currency decrees of the respective states are so stupid as to create an unreal situation. In fact, however, almost the same situation has been created as between Great Britain and Australia, and I read this week that travellers to Australia are bringing home sacks of threepenny-bits.

* * *

These puzzles have proved very popular and I have had many requests to continue them. Caliban has been asked to carry on for me, and this week's puzzle will accordingly be found on p. 764.

* * *

A grocer of my acquaintance tells me that he has received an order from a well-to-do customer, on the top of which was written: "Every article must be entirely British." The first item of the order was "2 lbs. China tea." CRITIC.

MOONEY

IN the chronicles of revolution there can hardly be an incident more curious of its kind than one which occurred in Petrograd during the upheaval of 1917. Russian revolutionaries demonstrated angrily before the American Embassy, shouting a mysterious name which appeared in the first reports as "Muni." To the amazement of the American public this was transliterated as Mooney and revealed as the name of a Labour agitator who, shortly before the first Russian Revolution, had been condemned for murder in connection with a bomb outrage in San Francisco. America knew little about Mooney; but the facts of his case had been made known in Europe, and in Russia they were treated as part of the workers' indictment of all capitalist governments. Fifteen years have gone by since Mooney was tried; fourteen years since it was proved that the evidence upon which he was convicted was wholly manufactured. He is still in prison. But his case is once again being reviewed, one surprising turn being the intervention of Mayor Walker of New York, who has made the journey across to California in order to plead with the Governor on the prisoner's behalf.

In the summer of 1916 it was becoming clear that the United States would probably enter the war. A demand arose for large increases in the Army and Navy, demonstrations were organised in all the great cities, and on July 22nd a preparedness parade took place in San Francisco. As it was passing through the centre of the city a bomb exploded and ten people were killed. The police arrested, among others, two Labour men, Thomas Mooney and Warren Billings, who had incurred the bitter hatred of the large employers in California. The prosecution was managed by C. M. Fickert, the district attorney, who is no longer living. He enlisted over 80 witnesses, only five of whom, however, gave evidence relevant to the two principal accused. Fickert relied mainly upon two of these—a waiter named John MacDonald, who identified Mooney, and F. C. Oxman, a prominent cattle-man from Oregon, who now occupies a conspicuous place among the great perjurers of the age.

Oxman testified that he was in San Francisco on the day and saw the two accused leave their car with a suitcase. He swore that he suspected them of theft, and for that reason jotted down the number of the car on an old telegram in his pocket. This paper was produced in court. It annihilated the defence, notwithstanding that counsel were provided with a full alibi for both accused. At the time of the explosion Mooney was on the roof of a high building more than a mile away. Sixteen witnesses swore to this, and their evidence was upheld by photographs showing Mooney and his wife looking over the parapet at the parade. Mooney was given the death sentence, which was commuted to imprisonment for life. Billings received a life sentence, because the assistant district attorney, who was in charge of his prosecution, had no confidence in the case and refused to go on with it unless the jury were made to understand that they must not bring in the extreme verdict. Sentence was passed in February, 1917. Before the end of that year the structure of evidence built up by the prosecution had crumbled, and early in 1918 a commission appointed by President Wilson reported strongly in favour of a reopening of the case. A retrial was refused by the Supreme Court of California, on the ground that, as the Wickersham Commission on Crime (appointed by President Hoover) puts it :

> A new trial could not be granted upon matter not appearing in the record, even though the new matter consisted of evidence charging perjury on the part of a material witness for the State and although the Attorney-General stipulated that the motion might be granted.

The Supreme Court of Washington held that, under the constitution of California, there was no judicial remedy in such a case as this. The only way open was the exercise of executive clemency—that is, pardon by the State Governor. Three successive Governors of California have refused to act.

The character and completeness of the exposure in this affair must be regarded as unparalleled. The essential witness for the prosecution in the Billings case was a woman of the underworld, known to the police as a victim of the morphine habit. She confessed that she had been compelled by the threats and bribes of the district attorney to give evidence that was entirely false. In 1921, four years after the trial, one of the two main witnesses against Mooney—the waiter, MacDonald—made an affidavit to the effect that, although he told the district attorney he had never seen Mooney, he had allowed that shameless functionary to coach him in the faked evidence of identification. This was startling enough, but it was pale in comparison with the disclosure concerning the cattle-man, Oxman, without whose evidence the prosecution could not have succeeded. A man named Rigall, from Illinois, furnished letters that had been written to him by Oxman, urging him to appear in San Francisco for the purpose of corroborating his, Oxman's, evidence. These letters were almost incredibly illiterate. They offered expenses for Rigall and his wife, if the man would " cum to San Frisco as a Expurt Witnes in a very important case." Rigall made the long journey to the Pacific Coast, but refused to commit the monstrous perjury demanded of him. The defence committee then found itself able to prove that Oxman did not arrive in San Francisco on July 22nd until some hours after the explosion; that he had at the time been at Woodland, 90 miles away, doing business with a cattle and sheep man of the district. The Oxman letters to Rigall were published by a famous San Francisco editor, Mr. Fremont Older, within a few months of the trial; but it required the effort of several years before the defence succeeded in filling up the record of Oxman's movements on the fateful day, and so, with the aid of the MacDonald confession, completing its proof of the perjury, the police conspiracy, and the shocking conduct of the prosecuting attorney.

The results of the exposure in California have been remarkable. Judge Griffin, who sentenced Mooney, has been working tirelessly for a pardon ever since the lying of Oxman and MacDonald was established. The chief of the detective bureau and several police officers who were involved in the case have affirmed their belief in Mooney's innocence. The foreman of the jury and nine surviving members have signed statements to the same effect. Petitions without number, bearing the names of well-known citizens, have gone up to the Governor. The Wickersham Commission has declared that the State law illustrated by this case is " shocking to one's sense of justice." Mooney has declined to take advantage of the liberty on parole to which every life prisoner is entitled. That, he says, would be equivalent to acknowledgment of guilt. An unconditional release by order of the Governor is the only way by which this blot on the name of California can be removed. And that, it is believed, may now be coming.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS PROBLEM*

ONE of the more interesting phenomena of the nineteenth century, particularly in England, was the spread of middle-class influence from the economic to the social sphere. The Reform Act of 1832 gave the middle classes political power, and, on the principle of *cuius regio, ejus religio*, their standards became the prevalent English creed. The central point of their faith was " as a man has, so he is " ; with the corollary of " how much a man has is due to himself alone." The present discontents of the middle classes may be traced to the inconsistency of this faith with fact. That the middle classes to-day are a worthy object of study cannot be denied : the facts of their position are consistently ignored by the irresponsible press of both Left and Right. The latter bases its appeal to them on the supposition that their influence and habit of mind are those of their palmy days in the 1850's; in the same way the press of the Left regards them as animated by the Ricardian economics of enterprise. In point of fact the middle classes of to-day have radically changed their composition and their outlook since the classical period of their ascendancy : the following notes on their present condition touch on the implications of this.

Their creed in all its purity may be summed up in the principle that a man's economic position depends on himself : once admit, by reducing this principle to an object of insurance, that even when all due precautions have been taken there remains an element of risk beyond the man's control, and the noble fiction is shattered. Finally, remove the sense of shame in this admission by accepting (as unemployment insurance benefit is now in the majority of cases accepted) compensation for the risk as a matter of course, and the middle-class principle has gone by the board. The significant dates for our purpose in English social history are the years immediately following 1835, which saw the breakdown of the principle of less eligibility in the new Poor Law; 1912, when not only duchesses, but middle-class housewives, began to lick stamps for Health Insurance; and above all 1920, when Unemployment Insurance spoilt the distinction between the "poor" and the "deserving poor." Henceforward the explanation of economic status is openly acknowledged to be not so much in personal effort as in the effects of the general economic complex. The middle classes, by allowing insurance to be substituted for charity, had denied their own creed; there is no need to be a pragmatist to realise how this recantation must prejudice their future powers.

By a fine irony, no sooner were the " poor," deserving and undeserving alike, safeguarded from the consequences of what, in most middle-class eyes, was still their own folly, than the middle classes themselves began to feel the pricks, and, what is more, to take them less as a matter of course as rewards for moral turpitude. Now the pricks are even sharper; as a contrast to the golden age for commerce of

* This article won a prize in our University Competition.

the nineteenth century, prolonged depression since the war has brought about that odd phenomenon (without the benefits of insurance) of unemployment among the middle classes. Their sons hang disconsolately about looking for jobs that do not exist; since the family concern has nowadays more often than not been bought out by a combine, or, especially in Lancashire, the stronghold of nepotism, merely closed down, an important avenue of employment is shut. The ornamental jobs and safe berths which a flourishing concern could provide for a middle-class youth, if his father had a bit of "influence," are being lopped off every week, and the recent campaign for public-school men in industry has died down.

The middle classes have discovered in the last ten years that in this and other respects they also are as other men, but that they had forgotten to allow for themselves when making allowance for the failings of other classes. For example, they have arranged medical attention at a small cost for the working classes by instituting Health Insurance, but there is no scheme of this sort for themselves. They have provided hospitals for needy patients, while leaving themselves for the most part no alternative but the expensive nursing home. They have provided inspectors who inspect the children of the working classes into a school at the age of five; the inspector's visits are apparently not received above a certain income level, or where would most of our governesses be?

There is a pathetic grandeur about this supposition that the middle classes are above the need of protection. It is true that they have always commented with asperity on the number of advantages which the working classes receive from a paternal State; but to claim similar advantages for themselves would have been a sign of weakness, and the varied attempts before the war to form middle-class associations met with little success. They were in as little need of organising to protect themselves as of asking the State to do it for them.

To one who observes the middle classes of to-day, and compares their outlook with that of their pre-war attitude, it is remarkable how this consciousness of self-sufficiency has waned. Their off-hand assumption of superiority has changed to a nervous apprehension; doubt creeps in that their standards may not be immutable, however much they may try to cloak this nervousness by loud assertions that they are still the backbone of England. They have indeed always declared that the State has been supported by taxation imposed on them, and that they have borne this burden uncomplainingly. Now they note with a shock, and comment on it bitterly, that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, in speaking over the wireless for support for the Economy Act, appealed chiefly to the unemployed to bear their sacrifices uncomplainingly, while little prominence is given to burdens in the shape of direct taxation which have to be borne by the middle classes; it is a little galling not to be taken at one's own valuation.

Is this break-up of their morale to be taken as meaning the end of middle-class domination? The middle classes have been powerful in the past because their superiority has, above all, not been questioned by themselves; now that even self-criticism has set in (it is well known that the Labour vote at the General Election of 1929 contained numbers of middle-class electors who will return again in force when the "National" stampede of the present election has spent itself), can the middle classes retain a vestige of their former hold over politics and political economics? Were the class issue in England more clearly marked, by the presence of a class-conscious proletariat, one would say that middle-class domination must inevitably decline. But the middle classes of England have, metaphysically speaking, the inconvenient quality of being always in a state of becoming rather than of being; that is to say, they are always being recruited from below through the attainment of "respectability" by members of the working classes. The middle-class philosophy of possessions as a sign of worth rather than as a means of enjoyment is strengthened every time another little municipal house, carefully fenced and lace-curtained off from its neighbours, is put up and furnished on the instalment system, that astute means invented by manufacturers to bolster up respectability through possessions. How far these standards have spread is exemplified by the commonly accepted explanation for the recent naval demonstrations against the economy cuts. While the unfortunate *Daily Worker* gets itself censored through perceiving a class-conscious mutiny, less sanguine opinion holds that what distressed the men most, and drove them to protest, was the fear that with their docked pay and allowances they would not be able to continue the instalments on the pianos, those inevitable signs of lower middle-class respectability, with which they had adorned their homes in better times.

If the traditional middle class, then, is doomed, its standards are only too likely to spread in their least admirable form. The classical justification for the old middle class which came into its own in the nineteenth century, was that it fulfilled the economic function of the enterpriser; the passing of opportunities for individual enterprise, as industry and trade get completely out of hand for one man, means that the middle classes have lost this justification, while their less amiable attributes survive in the body politic like an archaic tail on a modern human being. To-day they have little initiative: they have given up the sound idea that their position is different in kind rather than in degree from that of the remnants of the aristocracy, and are involved in all the snobberies of the charity bazaar, the Conservative committee-room, and the pseudo-public school. Where these heights are not aspired to, the middle classes are being recruited from just those steady and conventional-respectable grades of clerk and foreman, even Trade Union official, where the Manchester school of virtues are present in all their repulsiveness, without the streak of commercially enterprising genius which atoned for a nineteenth-century Samuel Smiles.

Again, there was, when wealth was easier to amass without the ravages of income-tax, always the hope that its possessors would in time be able to ignore the canons of respectability and enjoy it in an honest and decorative, if selfish, manner. The stock figures of the rich eccentric, and the titled lady who could afford to wear old clothes because she liked them, since no one could suspect her of not being able to buy new ones if she wanted, bear this out. The problem of the future would seem to be that lower middle-class mentality which has always blocked progress, because it has become just enough differentiated from the working classes to cling desperately to its little scraps of property and ostentation, and looks upon any encroachment on the sacred rights of property as an attempt to reduce it to the ranks. So long as this mentality is perpetuated, there will always be grit in the wheels of the most rationally "planned" economy. It is at the moment, *pace* Mr. John Strachey, useless to expect a revolution in England to be more than a temporary catharsis, for as soon as the shouting and the firing die, the captains and the kings of it (and their followers, the temporarily class-conscious proletariat) would ask nothing more than to depart . . . to retirement, mentally and morally speaking, behind their aspidistras and lace curtains, there to cultivate the middle-class ideals they had just overthrown. It is not enough, therefore, to regard with approval the weakening of traditional or upper middle class influence; there still remains the danger that its prejudices would survive in a society whose political and economic structure is based on an entirely different creed from that of the moral worth of property. Such a society would, by this inconsistency between its public and its private ideology, soon find itself in the same equivocal position as the middle classes of to-day.

JUDITH TODD.

ON CHARITY

MR. BERNARD SHAW, in one of his recently published letters to Frank Harris, expresses his dislike of charity. I have lent my copy of the book that contains the letter, and so I cannot quote Mr. Shaw's own words. But, so far as I can remember, he declares that, if he gave money to one of his fellow-men for charitable reasons, he would hate his fellow-man for receiving it as much as his fellow-man would hate him for giving it. This is surely a mild misreading of human nature. Ingratitude for benefits received is common enough, and there are thousands of people like the famous man of whom it was said: "Do him a good turn, and he is your enemy for life." But the normal response to a good turn is not dyspeptic hatred of this kind. It is not reported of the man who was helped by the good Samaritan that he loathed the good Samaritan ever afterwards, nor did the good Samaritan go on his way with his heart bursting with detestation. It is a natural instinct for one human being to enjoy helping another, and it is an equally natural instinct to enjoy being helped at a time of need. I know. I happen to have been helped. A good many years ago, when I was ill and was ordered to take a holiday by the sea, which I could scarcely afford, a man who had more money than I saw me off at Victoria Station, and, as the train moved out, he put an envelope into my hand. When I opened it a minute later, I found that it contained twenty-five pounds in notes. Did I find myself overcome with loathing for him as a man who had insulted my pride and sapped my sturdy spirit of independence? Did I find it difficult to meet his eye after my return because I hated him for having made me the object of his disgusting charity? Not a bit of it. A livelier emerald twinkled in the grass when I thought of him. I liked him before, but I have liked him still better ever since. Let Mr. Shaw choose the right man for his charity, and he will find himself the object, not of dislike, but of an almost embarrassing adoration. As for the feelings of the man who gives, I cannot speak from much experience of them, having indulged only in sprat-sized charities. But, if I can judge from my attitude to blind beggars to whose tins I have made a small contribution, I can certainly give any sum up to sixpence to a fellow human-being without conceiving a deadly dislike of him; and, if I were a millionaire, I should probably be able to give more than that without hating the recipient, unless I knew he was a mere cadger.

To give freely, indeed, must be one of the elementary instincts of the human race. Hospitality is a very ancient virtue, and there are still, I believe, unspoiled parts of the world where a passing stranger can have all he wants within reason as a gift for which no return must be made. To give, indeed, is as natural as to talk, and never to give is as unnatural as dumbness. It was because we could not suppress the lust for giving that the tipping system arose. Elderly men tipped nephews, waiters, cabmen and everybody else who would take a tip, and they did so because they could not help it. If they had found after long experience, however, that they had only succeeded in purchasing hatred by so doing, they would, I fancy, have exercised self-control and suppressed the habit. As things were, they found that the world became slightly more radiant as a result of their mild extravagances. Money which is of no use to a man is better in some other man's pocket. Robin Hood himself became a popular hero because, while somewhat immoral in his methods, he transferred some of his ill-gotten gains to pockets that were not already too full to hold them. The Cheeryble Brothers are eyed askance by the haters of sentiment, but they are representative of the eternal greed of giving which characterises the human race.

It was only to be expected that, in the course of time, some attempt would be made to save this mad flood of charity from being wasted and to direct it along channels where it was likely to prove most useful. Hence the first hospitals, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the innumerable organised charities of our own day. There are people who dislike organisation so excessively that they regard organised charity as a contradiction in terms. They say that organisation and charity cannot go together—which is like saying that organisation and a good dinner cannot go together. They are as wide of the mark, it seems to me, as the people who denounce indiscriminate charity on the ground that it injures those whom it is intended to benefit. The reasonable man knows, without even having to think the matter out, that indiscriminate charity is good and that organised charity is also good. At the same time, if he has half a crown in his pocket and feels a sudden longing to get rid of it, he knows that he will be behaving more rationally by helping, say, to cure a sick child in a hospital with the money than by handing the unwanted silver to a passing stranger. Hence, we find the determined givers contributing above a million pounds a year to the London hospitals. And, if it were not for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, they would probably contribute a great deal more. It is an astonishing proof of the vigour of the passion for giving that an almost insupportable burden of rates and taxes—many of which are a form of compulsory charity—has been unable to suppress it.

And, in my opinion, the passion would be still more vehement if the ordinary citizen saw more of these charities at work. The ordinary man has no conception of the amount of suffering that is relieved or of the amount of happiness that is created every day by organised charities. I have no conception of it myself on most days of the year, but I have never yet seen a charity at work—even a charity of which I had heard hostile accounts—without being amazed by its triumphant success in diminishing pain and increasing happiness. Since all these charities are managed by human beings, I have no doubt they are imperfect. At the same time, if one tries to imagine what the world would be like without them—without hospitals or slum organisations to feed and clothe the children of the poor, or schools to teach the blind to read, or societies to prevent the cruelties of the semi-insane to children and animals—one realises how much more like Hell our planet would be even than the pessimist thinks it is to-day.

And here, at least, the giver is certain of not being hated in return by the recipient. An institution may have many virtues and vices, but it can neither love nor hate. If any victim of a charitable impulse, however, is a little nervous at the prospect of being hated by a hospital, he can insure himself against this by subscribing himself "Anon." I feel sure that Mr. Shaw is frequently "Anon." There is a suspicious Cheeryble geniality in his eye. Fight against this instinct as he may, he was born to give. And so, with a few eccentric exceptions, is everybody else. Y. Y.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE"

MEN call me a cynic I know: none the less
I can feel my heart bleed for a Frenchman's distress,
As the pitiful picture is slowly unfurled
Of the selfishness shown by the rest of the world.

"For the slide in the franc we could safely advance
The best of all reasons—the welfare of France;
But who can defend, whatsoever they say for it,
The fall in the pound, since we Frenchmen must pay for it?

"The weight of *our* subsidies, tariffs, embargoes,
Falls just where it should—on the foreigners' cargoes;
But these new British imports are clearly displayed,
Since they keep out our goods, as a clog upon trade.

"How vainly our armies are made the pretence
For granting to Germans the right to defence,
When the dullest logician can master the theme—
How can France be secure if she is not supreme?"

* * *

Yes, it does sound absurd! Yet, you know, come to think of it,
Our nationalist logic's the same ev'ry link of it. . . .
To a cynic, there seems but one hope for humanity—
To be shocked into sense by each other's insanity.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

SEDITION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The recent convictions of the printers and journalists connected with the *Daily Worker* for incitement of the armed forces of the Crown to mutiny give rise to certain problems which no one interested in freedom of thought can avoid. Our law permits free publication at one's peril. Its limit is whether a jury can be persuaded that the tendency of the written or spoken word was an incitement to disorder or, in the case of the Army and Navy, to mutiny. It does not matter that no person has been so persuaded. What the law considers is not the actual impact of the words but their inherent tendency.

Anyone who studies the operation of the law since 1923 cannot avoid a sense of disquiet at its consequences. Men have been convicted to whose utterances no results of any kind can be traced. In the *Daily Worker* case no evidence of any kind was brought to show that the mind of any sailor had been affected by Communist pleading; such evidence as there was pointed in an entirely opposite direction. In general, moreover, the psychological hostility which any average jury feels in a Communist case—a hostility well displayed some years ago when the men who kidnapped Mr. Harry Pollitt were acquitted at Liverpool—makes it almost certain that, once the Director of Public Prosecutions is moved to act, a conviction will follow.

I do not find it easy to remain content with a principle of law which permits the infliction of heavy sentences merely for printing and publishing wild words. Any emphatic effort to apply the Seditious Libels Act in this country would, as the late Professor Dicey has pointed out, make political controversy impossible; it is only because it is rarely invoked that the Opposition can hope effectively to criticise the Government of the day. Now, since a vigorous dissent from the basic principles of our political system is part of the Communists' stock-in-trade, ought we to interfere with its expression? Ought we not rather to insist that any repression of public utterance should be built upon the proof that the words used were not merely "calculated" to effect public disorder, but can be proved actually to have created a risk of its imminent occurrence? Ought we to imprison men for a foolish and entirely uninfluential appeal to the Army and Navy unless it can be shown that there was a definite proof of its being likely to influence the men to whom it was addressed?

The greatest of living judges on the American bench has expressed his sense of what the law ought to mean in these words: "We should be," wrote Mr. Justice Holmes in the Abrams case, "eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the immediate and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country." The sooner those admirable words are embodied in our law of sedition the better I believe will be the operation of our system of justice. Until they are the law will always be unequal in its operation. It will send those convicted in the *Daily Worker* to jail for an appeal that remained entirely without effect; it leaves wholly untouched the eminent Unionists—it is said that the late Lord Milner and Mr. Bonar Law were amongst them—who tampered with the loyalty of the troops in Ulster to grave effect at the time of the Curragh mutiny. So far as statutes can provide, I believe that freedom of expression means leaving the utterance of words untouched unless their immediate tendency to evoke acts can be shown. Prosecutions of this kind never achieve their purpose. They only create martyrs. They drive the open expression of opinion underground; and, as in the recent Communist case, they convey the very idea they are to condemn to millions who would not otherwise become acquainted with them. No one now respects Lord Ellenborough for his part in Leigh Hunt's trial. I should like to see Parliament make it impossible for the Courts to-day to excite similar feelings among those to whom liberty is still a thing of value.—Yours, etc.,

H. J. LASKI.

THE "DAILY EXPRESS"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I wish to comment on the statement which appeared on p. 703 in your issue of December 5th, concerning the *Daily Express*. On the day of publication in question two pictures were sent to the composing room for use in the next day's edition. One was of Russian butter being dumped and the other was a truck-load of French gold.

As it happened, only one block was used, that of the butter, and by an unfortunate error the captions were substituted. Subsequently on November 24th, the picture of the dumped butter (which was quite correct) accompanied by the proper caption was used again. It must have been perfectly obvious to you that, since pictures of Russian butter being unloaded can be had almost any day of the week, it would be as unnecessary as indefensible of the *Daily Express* to use anything that was not perfectly genuine. Instead of realising this you choose to charge the *Daily Express* in your columns with dishonesty.

As a responsible journalist you must have had many occasions on which, through a mechanical or departmental error, the publication under your control has placed you in a false position. I only trust that when the incident happens with you again the *Daily Express* will apply to it a fair-mindedness and sense of decency which was conspicuously absent from your issue of December 5th.—Yours, etc.,

The *Daily Express*, A. BEVERLEY BAXTER.
8 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

[We are glad to receive this explanation from the Editor of the *Daily Express*. If such a mechanical or departmental error were to put us in a similar false position we should prefer to admit it in our own columns and so obviate the possibility of such criticism as in the circumstances we felt bound to make last week.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THIS RENT QUESTION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As Managing Director of some 10,000 working-class tenements in the London area, I read with intense interest the article by Irene T. Barclay in your issue of this week. This business of being a landlord—and of course I regard it strictly from the business point of view—is one which cannot work satisfactorily while greed is the main-spring. And it is the greed of the controlled tenant who creates slums by unrestricted subletting which is directly responsible for many of the worst features of our housing situation to-day. With the best will in the world a landlord cannot prevent slums being created in this fashion. The rent he receives is fixed, and he accepts responsibility for repairs, etc., in accordance with and in proportion to that rent. But when his tenant fills his rooms with sub-tenants, without the least consideration for hygiene and decency, but solely for profiteering reasons, it is the unfortunate landlord who gets the blame. He is expected to shoulder fresh responsibilities and to spend his money in the impossible task of making decent a place which is overcrowded with occupants whom he never admitted, who do not pay rent to him, but whom he cannot, either legally or in common charity, turn out. The decent landlord is always against overcrowding and excessive rents. They damage his property and his good name, and stand in the way of all attempts at securing high standards of national health.

What he is looking for, I would suggest, is some form of "controlled decontrol." By all means prevent profiteering. Rents are quite high enough. Fix a "standard of rent," if you like, for definite classes of industrial accommodation. But force the profiteering tenant out of a business on which, from every standpoint of justice and decency, he has no right to embark. In other words, legislate so that, no matter what profiteering terms the tenant may have exacted by way of agreement with

his sub-tenant, that sub-tenant has the right automatically to apportion his rent and pay it direct to the superior landlord, plus such very small addition—in no case more than 10 per cent. —as represents the increased responsibility of the landlord for repairs. Permit the right of decontrol for one reason only, and that is so that the landlord can deal immediately and adequately with any crisis of overcrowding which presents itself, subject always to the supervision of the Courts. Establish Rent Courts if you like; but get something done, and done quickly, to assist the conscientious landlord who knows that it is possible to make a paying business of industrial property without turning it into slums.—Yours, etc.,

16 Hanover Square, W.1. CLAUDE LEIGH.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the article under the above heading in your issue of the 5th December, says:—

"The position" (viz., as regards housing for the poorer workers and the unemployed) "is serious in two ways:—first, because an increasing number of tenants will be evicted for arrears of rent and their rooms become decontrolled. . . ."

It will be found, however, that, under the present law, a dwelling is not decontrolled on the eviction of a tenant for non-payment of rent. (See the 2nd proviso to s. 2 (1) of the Rent, etc., Restriction Act, 1923).—Yours, etc., R. W. S.

[Mrs. Barclay writes: I regret the legal error. But the law in this instance appears to be honoured more in the breach than in the observance. The landlord usually keeps the keys of the vacated rooms for a few days, and then strikes a bargain with one of the scores of applicants. Sometimes he safeguards himself by having a formal tenancy agreement (for which the tenant, of course, has to pay). More frequently he simply demands a certain rent, and gets it. Where the rooms were vacated as a result of an eviction for rent arrears the new tenant could take the landlord to court and have the rent adjusted (the landlord would be heavily fined), but in a wide experience I have never known this to happen.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read the article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by Mrs. Barclay. I am afraid she has no cottage property. It is said that "If you wish to do any one a disservice leave them some cottage property." Last year one of my tenants died—the cottage cost £26 10s. to repair internally. The rent of the cottage was 3s. 9d. per week. There are five cottages in the block.

This year up to the present they have cost me £46 12s. So I shall have very little (if any) rent for the year. I have said enough to show the gross unfairness to landlords of cottages similar to the above, of which there are great numbers in the country districts.—Yours, etc.,

Hillside, Chudleigh Knighton, S. Devon. JOSEPH GALE.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Rent Restriction Act is discriminative legislation of the worst kind. By arbitrary enactment it burdens one section of one class and favours one section of another: it sets up a privileged class among the poor in its operation and another among the well-to-do by its non-operation. But, after all, it is all of a piece with our present policy of patching, and the seriousness of the situation is exemplified by the fact that your contributor is able to put up a strong case for such a bad expedient.

The present policy is economically unsound, since by restricting the competitive field it leads to higher prices in that part of the market. It is socially unsound since it immobilises a section of the population at a time when the migration of labour is of primary importance.

What, then, is the alternative? Either complete control or complete *laisser faire*. Neither policy is adopted because either must hasten the consideration of a complete solution of the problem—the meeting of an urgent demand for house room which is at present economically ineffective. This means thought followed by action, a revolution in present practice.—Yours, etc.,

10 Bypass Road, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex. E. N. GLADDEN.

SOCIALISM AND THE WASTE LAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Papineau's article in your University Supplement gave me great pleasure, for he has stated, I think for the first time, the attitude of a very large section of my generation to Socialism. I entirely share his dislike of the sentimental Christianity of the Labour Party and his desire for a more violent and unscrupulous propaganda based on the facts of class conflict.

Unfortunately, Mr. Papineau has quoted an absurd remark that an ethical approach to politics misses the real nature of the problem, and then contradicted himself by actually giving a list of "values" as the ends to which Socialism is a means.

Obviously, since politics is nothing but the making of choices by (or for) human beings, it is necessarily based on ethics.

It is equally clear that though health, beauty, personal relations and intelligence—the list given by Mr. Papineau—are valuable, the ethical case for Socialism does not depend on our accepting them as the sole or supreme values. A stronger case can be built on the ethical belief that poverty and snobbery are two of the great positive evils, and on the belief, as a matter of psychological fact, that men can only discover and lead valuable lives by obtaining what they desire—that "the path of excess leads to the place of wisdom."

This position has the advantage of remaining sound, even though we believe that values only exist as relations, and vary in different individuals. As a further consequence, it makes possible the old alliance between political Socialism and a decent scepticism about morals.—Yours, etc.,

Charleston, Firle, Sussex. JULIAN BELL.

CAUSATION OF CANCER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson's letter under the above heading, praising the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Gye. His "ultra-microscopic microbe" which is supposed to infect us with cancer is not a fact, but an assumption, a guess. For half a century cancer researchers throughout the world, following the lead of Virchow, Pasteur, Koch and others, have tried to solve the mystery of cancer by studying the cell and the products of disease instead of looking for the cause of the infliction by their unfettered common sense. Although Commander Locker-Lampson denies it, it is a fact that cancer is a disease of civilisation and is practically unknown among primitive races leading primitive lives. That has been asserted by hundreds of physicians and surgeons who have practised for decades in Africa and elsewhere, who have told us that cancer is very frequent among the whites in Africa and practically unknown among the natives around them. The microbic or ultra-microscopic organism curiously selects the unhealthily living. With singular intelligence the humble organism prefers to attack butchers, public house workers, and seamen, who live on preserved food, but does not seem to appreciate healthily living clergymen and agricultural labourers. According to a Blue Book published by the Registrar-General in 1923 the relative cancer mortality is as follows:

Clergymen, priests	45
Agricultural labourers	54
Butchers	105
Merchant seamen	110
Barmen	137

It is a misfortune to humanity that the cancer researchers limit their attention to the evidence furnished by the microscope, the test tube and animal experiments. They have mis-spent millions and achieved nothing. Every year we are told that one of the researchers has made "an epoch-making discovery," which in due course is shown to be worthless. The fact that cancer is a disease of faulty living and avoidable, which is clearly evidenced by the figures given above, is either denied or passed over in silence. During the last 20 years of intensified research and intensified early operations the relative cancer mortality in this country has exactly doubled. It increases from year to year and will continue increasing until the public and the medical profession free themselves of the bane of "scientific research" and begin to look for the causation of cancer in commonplace factors, such as de-vitaminised food, chronic auto-intoxication from the bowel, and such-like matters. Primary lung cancer was almost unknown some time ago. It is increasing with ominous rapidity,

largely because we breathe in cancer-creating poisons emanating from motor cars and tarred roads. Meanwhile, the researchers, in the isolation of their laboratories, search for "the guilty microbe," and they will continue searching till Doomsday without finding anything of value.—Yours, etc.,

Albion Lodge, Fortis Green, East Finchley, N.2. J. ELLIS BARKER.

ITALIAN DEPORTEES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent Signor Camagna is romancing a little. Italians appreciate the view expressed in your number of November 28th remarkably well. It is merely Fascists who do not. The dread of Confino in the Isole Maledette (the Cursed Isles) is universal, and one of the strongest props of the regime. They can hardly be called salubrious. Water has to be brought from the mainland in boats and is stored in tanks. The deportees suffer much from the heat in summer on those arid rocks, and are not allowed to bathe in the sea for fear they should escape.

Now the weather has turned bad: they cannot on five lire a day have their boots resoled, and they must go twice a day through the wet to answer the roll-call. Many are consumptive from malnutrition and crowded lodgings, and no care of the sick is possible.

Signor Camagna should write a book on how to live comfortably on five lire a day, and we will all read it. It will solve the economic crisis, and be the most wonderful discovery of the century. Millions of families will bless the name of Carlo Camagna. We shall raise a statue to him—on the Island of Lipari the Salubrious.—Yours, etc.,

Switzerland. AN ITALIAN.

PHILOSOPHIES FOR ALL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his anxiety to defend Lord Russell, Mr. Ayer appears to overlook the main points of Mr. Henderson's able criticism. Mr. Henderson did not simply attack Lord Russell's philosophical scepticism, but pointed out the incompatibility of his philosophical scepticism with his scientific dogmatism. Lord Russell is at liberty to hold that science is a mere projection of the human mind, imposing a unity on the external world which is not really there. But, if he is serious in his scepticism, he is not entitled at the same time to claim that science gives us such fundamental and exclusive knowledge of external reality as to render art and religion devoid of all objective reference. Yet Lord Russell maintains these two incompatible views of science in one and the same volume. In my judgment neither view is true, though either view is tenable without the other. Lord Russell, the philosopher, underrates science as absurdly as Lord Russell, the scientist, overrates it. The charming frivolity which commits him to both these mistaken estimates of science in the same book is perhaps somewhat severely characterised as "wanton stupidity," but the criticism is certainly not idle abuse. The same association of incompatible views of science pervades Mr. Julian Huxley's *What Dare I Think?* In fact these fallacies are now treated as axioms in scientific humanist circles. This pretentious intellectual bubble is due for deflation, and I congratulate Mr. Henderson on his deft insertion of a timely pin.—Yours, etc.,

Woodbrooke, Birmingham. H. G. WOOD.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Ayer, if he has read, has strangely misunderstood the object of my notice of Lord Russell's *The Scientific Outlook*. Its merits, however great—and I fully recognised them—considered as a popular exposition of scientific method and technique, were not my concern; I made it clear that my interest in *The Scientific Outlook* was largely due to the evidence, explicit or implicit, which it afforded of the state of mind of its author. This method of reviewing may not always be legitimate: surely it is when the author is as influential and as interesting as Lord Russell.

So let me plead not guilty to failing to do what I did not intend; my ambition was not, as Mr. Ayer seems to suppose, the small one of solving in 1,500 words the Problem of Induction, nor to refute philosophic scepticism, but only to indicate Lord Russell's attitude and the inconsistencies it involved.

Mr. Ayer further accuses me of not indicating the nature of the three contradictory philosophies to which I referred. Granted that in this context the term philosophy may be a euphemism, the fault really lies in his reading and not in my writing, as I cannot see that I did much else. If Mr. Ayer wants more evidence I would refer him to pp. 46–57, 98–104, 269–279. And I find it difficult to believe that children can be machines to the teacher and something else to the philosopher.—Yours, etc.,

17 Richmond Road, Oxford. C. R. HENDERSON.

THE POVERTY OF SCOTLAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The article in your issue of November 28th on "The Poverty of Scotland," which I have just seen, touches me very nearly, because being a native of Scotland and born in Edinburgh in 1852, I can yet endorse every word of it. To come from Bern or Stuttgart or Stockholm to Edinburgh is to experience a shock as of retrogression into a civilisation many decades, generations, behind that which the traveller has left. The inhabitants of Edinburgh profess to be proud of their city. They are not proud of it. They are, if one may coin a phrase, "conceited of it"; and if one mourns over the dirt and squalor, the obvious degradation and poverty of such large parts of it, the answer is, "We like it like that." A newsagent whose shop is close to the University said to the writer, "I have just had a man from Uganda here who was so upset by what he had seen," in The Pleasance I gathered, "that he said 'Never let an African from Central Africa see what I have seen here to-day.'" Your contributor is right in what he says of the absence of public buildings. Public buildings such as one sees even in smaller cities abroad, which express the aspirations and the dignity and well-being of a city, there are none. One can scarcely call the Castle Rock a public building, though it has to do duty for much sentiment.—Yours, etc.,

AN EXILE.

SHAKESPEARE AND TASTE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As I share Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's enthusiasm for Ibsen, I greatly enjoyed his admirable article on *The Master Builder*. One sentence of it, however, seems to have risen untimely from among memories of the Serious Ibsenite. "Admiration (for Shakespeare's plays)" says he, "is the cheapest certificate of taste." Surely this statement, in 1931, is a little unhistorical? It may be true of the reign of the late King Edward: it certainly was of Queen Victoria's. But since about the accession of his present Majesty, the really advanced and conscientiously modern—the Madelon and Cathos of the day—have considered necessary to social salvation a contempt for Shakespeare that is even less expensive to acquire. Who, nowadays, dare omit to patronise him when he must be mentioned, except a few provincial schoolmasters who take Darwin and Karl Marx for modern science and are unaware of æsthetic solecism, and a handful of unorthodox, like myself, who trouble themselves little about æsthetic fashion, since one of their hobbies happens to be its history? Mr. MacCarthy, no doubt, has come upon *A Short View of Tragedy*, and met that agreeable person Lisideius. Both (*mutatis mutandis*) abound in Bloomsbury, and though "the spreading notion of the town" has altered, the change is in the idol and not the cult, still less in either the reasons rendered by worshippers or those of which they are not themselves aware. And although the deities soon pass from favour, the devils, for obvious reasons, are more recurrent.—Yours, etc.,

AGNES MURE MACKENZIE.

304, Elm Tree Road Mansions, N.W.8.

ESSAYS AND "ESSAYS"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I correct an unfortunate error which escaped my eye when correcting the proof of my review under the above heading in your issue for December 5th? I was made to say that the late R. L. Gales "lost himself imaginatively in the rural and religious *partition* of mediæval England." The word italicised was, of course, a misprint for "tradition." One can imagine the shock of indignation with which Gales himself would have faced the suggestion of any "partition" between religion and common life in his mediæval Arcady!—Yours, etc.,

Flatford, Meadway, Gidea Park, Essex. GILBERT THOMAS.

Miscellany

COLLOQUY WITH A PIRATE

THE *Mauretania* this season dipped from New York down to Nassau, in the British Bahamas; a Gulf Stream playground with the jolly motto: "The Pirates having been driven out, Commerce was restored." This port, on the island of New Providence, is very close to Miami, on the Florida coast, and its fishermen, black British subjects, by smuggling across to the United States seaboard the liquor despatched monthly, and with legality, by regular cargo steamer from London, may be said, from the American point of view, to have brought piracy back. They are the richest of all fishermen; ever growing richer.

The little Bahamas are perhaps the quietest, as they are certainly the most low lying, of all British Possessions. The lighthouses flash upwards towards ships. The proximity to Panama, whence in the old days the Spanish gold from South America—that master-bait for pirates—was shipped for Europe, keeps them yet in the track of passing liners which at night resemble baskets of coloured lamps as they bob towards London or New York over the phosphorescent Caribbean.

By day the view from ship-board may reveal the lairs of the modern, rum-running pirate, who, however, offends not British law. Coming from the Panama Canal first impressions of the Bahamas are rather treeless islets, nearly level with the sea, with the opal surf exploding at the edges, and the pink smudges of flamingo rookeries. Other islets consist almost entirely of a coral lagoon, with the sea-grape shrub blossoming on the beaches. But on Providence Island, where Nassau, the capital, is situated, and which Americans call the Island of June, are occasionally visible from ship-board low-roofed, corrugated, iron sheds; the *caches* of the new pirates. These contain, if not pieces of eight, at least bags of eight: i.e., small sacks containing about eight bottles of whisky each. In London the bottles are put up in these little sacks, which in turn are packed in wooden boxes. But wooden boxes would be clumsy for smugglers in the Florida waters as is realised here.

But let us return, momentarily, to the perfectly respectable liner from Panama, docking at Nassau. The traveller's eye is held by the scarlet uniforms of the British black police sitting vigilantly outside their office on Bay Street, the main thoroughfare; police as hectically arrayed, as immobile, and as silent as pieces from a child's Noah's Ark. Next it will probably be observed that green material being shovelled out of white schooners by black sailors falls on the granite quay without a sound. In explanation of this soundlessness is a notice on the dock: "Sponge Exchange." The fishermen are shovelling sponges ashore. Nearly all the fishermen are sponge fishermen, even if it be not sponges that are making them rich.

Ashore, and beyond the modern European shops on Bay Street, the white coral road coils past comfortable white, verandahed villas with front gardens ablaze with the yellow *allemande* creeper, and glowing with the purple bougainvillæa. In an hotel, palatial as any of Arnold Bennett's, full of quiet Americans patiently drinking rum swizzles, the wanderer meets the silent miracle of our Bahaman islands; those gloriously coloured and marvellously shaped fish, whose subsistence in mere water is a reminder of Lord Chesterfield's broad-minded warning that water is not completely useless. One wall of the hotel is monopolised by a superb mosaic of the stock scene of old Caribbean piracy, "Blackbeard burying his Spanish gold." Blackbeard's legal name was Teech; "the filthiest rogue who ever shipped from Bristol." He was a man of one principle; "I sink all flags." The modern pirate's principle is, "I export all brands."

Farther down the quiet, white road, and to the left in the thicket of live oaks and tall palm trees, is the pathetic darkie living-place. *Nimium ne crede colori* is the rule in the British Bahamas. The coloured man to-day is an inferior person, and if, as a master pirate, he is unostentatiously amassing wealth, it makes not the least difference. He is allowed to air a simple pride in being a subject of King George, and that seems about all that he can hold in common with the white. Yet farther along the road, and this time to the right, range the native shops. "Groceries with off-licences" describes most of them. To the right again, beyond the darkie shops, the coral road turns at right-angles, and eventually abuts on the quiet end of Nassau's sea-front promenade. In this road the writer met the pirate.

An excellently dressed, bowler-hatted, middle-aged, black gentleman; and he was strolling in one of the large spaces, divided from the road by a two-foot cement wall, which ran from the backs of the native shops to the sea-front. The space where he was walking looked like a farmyard without beasts, and his footfall was completely inaudible although he had approached within inches. He was walking upon discarded sponges, being a sponge dealer, and the owner of a fleet of white sponging schooners, as well as an off-licence grocer, of excellent credit with liquor exporters in London, whose whisky—eight bottles to the small sack—he stores in his little iron huts about the deserted beaches, until he despatches the little sacks over the Florida Straits in his schooners, ostensibly fishing for sponges through the dark, warm nights.

To the U.S.A. Revenue authorities this mild-mannered British black grocer (with the off-licence) who never goes to sea is a Blackbeard; a sly and dreadful rogue, ever sheltering behind the Union Jack. To the white Bahaman authorities he is just a negligible black grocer; hardly a human being. To the writer he is an over-deferential coloured business man, begging information, in good English, of reputable London business firms open to receive large and prompt investments. They must be London concerns. The pirate has an affection for London, but is not visiting here, seeming convinced that as a coloured man he would hardly be allowed to live.

The U.S.A. Revenue launches every night try to watch the sponging fleets of this British black grocer, and of more like him, but the schooners are very numerous, the Straits narrow, and the British black fishermen experienced and elusive. Rarely, on a night of revealing lightning, there is a report of cannon in the Straits, and the cries of black men from the sea. But normally all is quiet on this British West Indian Front, where rum-running silently booms.

F. W. JACKSON.

THE VARSITY MATCH

THE Varsity Rugger Match assumes as many guises as Proteus. It may present the triumph of genius over mediocrity, or the fumbling of nonentities, or gigantic warfare between Titans. The one certainty is that the prophets were hopelessly deceived this year. They foretold a free scoring match between two sides alleged to be brilliant in attack and futile in defence. There was not a single fine attack throughout the game, which consisted exclusively of clumsy, scrambling attacks countered by bitter desperate defence. Oxford pressed hard from the start. The Cambridge hooker was too much for them and they could not get the ball in the scrums. But their forwards opened passing from the line-outs and rushes in the loose, and their outside men kept punting well down the field; whilst devilish smother tackling disconcerted the Cambridge threes. For fifteen minutes Oxford stayed inside the Cambridge half without once looking at all dangerous.

In the sixteenth minute Cambridge got to three-quarter way. For once their hooker nipped the ball. As usual, Tallent deceived Jenkins, Minns had to tackle Tallent, and Smeddle, finding himself odd man out, had only to gallop over. Lamport forced him to touch down far out, so that the kick failed. Cambridge, like sound strategists, instantly tried to consolidate a victory. They argued that Oxford must be rattled by this surprise score. A second score would demoralise the Dark Blues. For the next ten minutes an optical illusion suggested that thirty light blue jerseys with white hoops were in permanent occupation of the Oxford twenty-five area. Cambridge swarmed round the Oxford goal, hooking, passing, rushing, punting, dribbling, but their attack lacked science and thrust, and in a breathless battle they were stalled off, till they had shot their bolt and begun to weaken. Suddenly, Roberts punted high for Osler and Hovde to rush the Cambridge left wing. The Oxford pair passed and re-passed right down to the Cambridge line and all but scored. High combat deteriorated into light comedy as two men, one from each side, were simultaneously debagged. A bout of rushing by the forwards and superb touch-finding by the full backs ensued. The Oxford hooker found a retort for the Cambridge methods and began to get the ball. He got it from a scrum in front of the Cambridge goal. It was flung out to Roberts. The Cambridge backs closed in on him and he punted a clumsy pass over Smeddle's head. The gods of Isis blessed it, for it bounced perfectly in front of Minns, who clasped it to his bosom and fell over the line. Three points all. Three minutes later came another scrum in front of the Cambridge goal. Once more the Oxford hooker did his duty. Lamport flung out a perfect pass to Roberts standing far back. Fifteen helpless and enraged Cantabs watched him calmly drop a perfect goal. Oxford seven, Cambridge three. Desperately the Cambridge men tried every trick in their encyclopædia. They dived under tackles, they leapt over tacklers. Tallent and Smeddle exploited their famous scissor passing; Askew punted incredible distances into touch. Nothing came off, and truth to tell nothing deserved success, for the devilish Oxford tackling was too fierce and too grim. Half-time came with the stage clearly set for an Oxford victory. The second half was frankly rather dreary. Cambridge displayed plenty of spirit but no great skill. They set up and maintained a rather uninspired attack. Hooking better than Oxford, they set their threes in motion repeatedly, but the centres could find no gaps at all. When they varied passing by punting, Adamson was always safe. If they worked down the touch line towards the Oxford goal, a kick by Osler or Roberts, or a rush by the Oxford forwards presently drove them back. There was never a solitary flash of genius in the pivotal positions, and the Oxford defence formed a Hindenburg line. Oxford were equally ineffective on their rare attacks and neither defence ever looked as if it could be pierced. Oxford's narrowest squeak was when Askew dropped at goal from 30 yards out, but the kick was not straight enough, and once Osler single-handedly damped a dangerous rush by the Light Blue forwards. With ten minutes to go Oxford began to fight back and Cambridge quite evidently lost heart. They could think of no fresh tricks to try and the ginger had gone out of the old tricks. Probably a full back is the worst captain at a crisis. A Daniel among the forwards or a Macleod at centre three-quarter might have inspired, but Askew, perfectly as he played throughout, was too far back to put devil into a forlorn hope. Roberts, the Oxford captain, was more happily placed at fly half, and he called on his men to clinch a match which was already won. Roberts is an elusive person, so elusive that he often loses the very men who should support him, and is finally and solitarily submerged under a Light Blue avalanche. He wriggled and swerved and side stepped, but at the crucial climax of his innumerable breakaways he never found a dark blue jersey within passing range, and either punted into the void or fell fighting. Finally, Lamport stopped bombarding his captain with long, low, lovely passes, and twice stole away from scrummages all by himself, petrifying an astounded Cambridge defence, but on each occasion he was hauled to earth just short of the line, and the minutes were ticking away speedily. In the last five minutes Cambridge were becoming demoralised. A ragged Oxford attack scrambled about all over the Cambridge twenty-five area, and somebody saw Hovde standing wide all by himself, looking rather bored and unoccupied, as well he might. The ball was flung at him; he caught it and sprinted a few yards. So Oxford deservedly won by ten points to three after a poorish match. There were no important Internationals on view. Both full backs were good, Askew the better. So were the two scrum-halves, especially Lamport. The forwards also were good. It is possible that the wing threes may achieve fame, but their centres gave them no chances. The England Selectors went sadly home. GEOFFREY WEALD.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Flat to Let"

EXACTLY why *Flat to Let* at the Criterion Theatre fails to be lifeless and boring it is difficult to see. By all the rules of the game it ought to be. For tenuousness of plot and innocence of characterisation it is a match for any musical comedy. Indeed, its only recommendation to mercy springs from this defiance of the rules, and it is a high-spirited defiance, cloaking itself behind the conventionalities of tasteful flats, diplomats and Bentleys. The audience laughs from the beginning. Nothing much happens; the curtain drops and rises again several times; the scene remains the same, but the sporadic chuckling goes on to the end. And apart from several good jokes and one

BERNARD SHAW

2 Works now generally available for the first time.

IMMATURITY

With a Preface by the Author.

New Statesman.—"The first novel he wrote as a young man . . . an astonishing performance."

Times Literary Supplement.—"One hopes, for the credit of the publishers' readers of the time, that they at least felt the remarkable quality of this drab, pungent study of lower middle-class and Bohemian life . . . .

"The preface is one of the best pieces of prose Mr. Shaw has written, and one of the most noteworthy essays in biographical art to be found in our literature."

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR

J. B. Priestley (*Evening Standard*).—"Capital reading Some of these letters and pamphlets are Bernard Shaw at his best . . . . I am not sure if he will not live as the supreme debater of English Letters. Hear him again on the War. He will irritate you; he will infuriate you; but you will go on and on, and will find yourself respecting and admiring that 25,000 h.p. debating mind all over again."

7s. 6d. net per v ol. Constable *Standard Edition.*

or two indifferently funny situations there is nothing to account for it—except the acting. All the members of the cast, headed by Miss Lilian Braithwaite, judge the height of the high spirits to a nicety. But the accomplishment of the author, Mr. Arthur Macrae, is remarkable all the same, and unless he has incorporated all his best jokes in his first play this will not be the last time we shall hear of him.

Mr. Monkhouse's "Mary Broome"

Although at times old-fashioned in a rather tiresome way, *Mary Broome* is a good play within its limits, and certainly a play not to be missed by those who are interested in theatrical history. For a first full-length play it is astonishingly sinewy and compact. Its first-act exposition, for instance, is a masterpiece of pointed compression. Indeed, I am tempted to declare that there is not a line of "loose" dialogue in the piece, and the situations are always carefully prepared. Mr. Monkhouse seems to have known very nearly everything that theory could teach him before he began writing for the theatre, and if his particular kind of workmanship is less popular than it was it is none the worse for that. But the cardinal fault of *Mary Broome* is in its characterisation, which is painfully rigid and static. We see a worthless young "artist" forced by his father to marry a servant with whom he has misconducted himself; and the immediate question in our minds is, what will happen to the pair of them? Psychologically, nothing happens whatsoever; and long before the final scene you have begun to give them Jonsonian names—Callouswit, Griselda and Pater Furioso, if you will—and endeavour to look on the play as a modern comedy of humours. Miss Joyce Bland in the title-part is beautifully polished and restrained in her pathos, but no great strain is placed on her very considerable powers. Mr. Robert Donat as her worthless husband tends to be dull as well as insufferable—probably not the author's intention, this, but very difficult for any actor of less than mature experience to avoid.

The Charell Film

The Congress Dances (the Pommer-Charell production at the Tivoli) is the most delightful film that has been shown in London since *Le Million*. It must be one of the most elaborate pictures ever made. Charell has displayed vast photographic skill in the manipulation of the crowds that surge through 1814 Vienna. Severe critics have urged that the tempo of the piece is on occasion slow, and that certain anachronisms, the music of Schubert and the Turcoman strains of *Prince Igor* are too violent for such an essentially eighteenth-century revival as was the Congress of Vienna. It has been also said that the *décor* is occasionally sugar-cakey and lacking in surprise. All these criticisms are in themselves true, but unimportant when we consider the gaiety and charm of the whole production. Nor, indeed, is *The Congress Dances* merely a musical comedy. It has also an additional intellectual content in its whole attitude, one of sentimental irony and disillusioned regret, towards the Congress. For all its anachronisms and still more inaccuracies, anachronisms and inaccuracies that are quite intentional, *The Congress Dances* is a film about the Congress. It does express modern sensibility towards this delightful, if not wholly successful, interlude in European history, while the Metternich of Conrad Veidt at any rate is intelligently based on the original. It is a pity that M. de Talleyrand is not made to figure more prominently. M. Garat, who created such a good impression in *Le Chemin du Paradis*, reveals himself as a delightful film artist as Alexander, and Miss Lilian Harvey, though not yet a very accomplished actress, has a delightful personality. She is now being hailed as England's glory, a fact which has caused another English actor, who plays the part of Metternich's secretary, to be most unfairly overlooked. He gives an excellent rendering of the fourth most important part. *The Congress Dances* cost such a tremendous amount of money (I am told £120,000) that it is likely to remain a *rara avis* in these days of economic disaster. The problem before the film industry is how to produce a good film cheap.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, December 12th—
Myra Hess and Jelly D'Aranyi, Queen's Hall, 3.
Marcel Gazelle, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Sunday, December 13th—
C. Delisle Burns on "Public Service and Private Gain," Conway Hall, 11.
Mrs. Naidu on "Some Aspects of the Social Problem in India," Liberal Jewish Synagogue, St. John's Wood Road, 11.30.
Paul Robeson, Albert Hall, 3.
Concert of Chamber Music, Conway Hall, 6.30.

Monday, December 14th—
Dr. Kuangson Yung and Mr. Sobei Mogi on "The Truth about Manchuria," Livingstone Hall, 8.
London Chamber Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Tuesday, December 15th—
"Can the Leopard?" by Ronald Jeans, Haymarket.
"Emperor and Galilean," by Ibsen. Performance by the Settlement Players, Little Theatre, Shipton Street, off Oxford Street, Sheffield.

Wednesday, December 16th—
"The Nelson Touch," by Neil Grant, St. Martin's.
Dr. J. A. Hadfield on "The Delinquent Child," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, December 17th—
R. A. Jones on "Taine and the Nationalists," King's College, 5.15.
"The Crimes of Burke and Hare," by Gladys Hastings Walton, New Theatre.
"Walk This Way," Winter Garden Theatre.

"Luvisca" REG'D
SHIRTS
SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS
THE name "LUVISCA" on Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas is the modern man's pass-word to quality and style, his assurance of smooth comfort, that day-to-day usage cannot spoil. Make a point of seeing the newest ranges—the designs you prefer are well represented. British manufacture.
LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB.
THE MOST PRACTICAL XMAS PRESENTS.
SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. 14.M.), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for the name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN his admirable essay on George Frederic Watts in *Revaluations* (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.), Mr. James Laver touches on a problem that is too often overlooked in the criticism of books and pictures.

> The modern patron says, in effect, to the artist: "Here are a thousand canvases of every possible variety of shape and size and texture. Take any one you like and paint on it whatever you fancy, and when you have finished I may buy it or I may not, but if I do I shall hang it on a line with five hundred other pictures, painted under the same conditions, and afterwards I shall display it in a house built for somebody else but recently purchased by me." What true painter could possibly do his best work under such circumstances?

The cry of those who insist that the artist works for himself alone, and that the audience he may or may not obtain is an irrelevant accident, has been less audible recently. That it ever gained any attention was a curious witness of the poverty and timidity displayed so often by the layman confronted with the arrogant bluff of the dealer in *expertise*. We may hope that this essay of Mr. Laver's will mark a definite departure from that barren school of criticism which placed the painter in an arid wilderness of abstract form, and encouraged him to swivel his material into patterns devoid of meaning, emotion or spiritual life. Mr. Laver is fully alive to the weakness of much in Watts' work, to his fatal tendency to make painting a sort of palette homiletic, to the muzzy and monotonous character of much of his symbolism, and to his reliance on a kind of idealism that issued in an unconvincing generalisation. In spite of all this Watts remains one of the most impressive of English painters, just as Ruskin is one of the most impressive of English authors; their mistakes arise from generosity of temper, not from meanness and a malicious frivolity.

* * *

All art is conditioned. The outcry roused by some critics against the artist's servitude to subject ignores conveniently enough the fact that it is as hard to avoid a subject as to find one, and that slavery to subjectlessness is a servitude just as constricting. Mr. Laver writes with sense on the great advantage which those painters had who were expected to work in the world of ideas afforded by the Christian religion. Religious art "sets the painter free to struggle with his own problems of form and line and colour." The objection to subject is only a form of critical snobbery, and Mr. Laver defends the importanee it can give to a picture in some passages of refreshing vigour.

> Courbet's *Burial at Ornans* can be considered simply as a composition, sombre in hue and subdued in rhythm, but the sombreness and the austerity of the picture are so eminently right because they are in harmony with the theme. The fact that the picture represents a burial, a simple burial among peasants, is not something stuck on, but something implicit in every line and in every colour. To say that it would be better if we did not know it was a burial is to say that we should appreciate Mozart's *Requiem Mass* more completely if we had never heard of the Catholic Church. . . . There is in the Prado a painting by El Greco which must strike the most careless observer. A bluish unearthly light falls upon a group of men and women gathered in a little room. Their bodies are stiff and their faces twisted with ecstasy, and upon the head of each is a writhing flame. The picture excites by its pattern, by its colour, by every device of skilful composition, but surely it is no hindrance to the appreciation of its merits to realise that its subject is the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

I think we—except for a few old fogies—have now got past the stage in which it was possible to use the words "expressive" and "descriptive" or "representative," as if they were contradictory. The heresy only arose because of the puddle of Victorian painters who indulged in an orgy of narrative pictures but expressed nothing but their own self-complacency; normally, whether in painting or literature, description is one of the most natural means of expression, and one which has the great advantage of simplifying the business of communication with the audience.

* * *

The old-fashioned—for the theory attacked by Mr. Laver is old-fashioned by now—who will not trust the critic, will perhaps listen to the artist. There are very sound and sensible things said by that great sculptor Mr. Epstein in *Conversations with Epstein* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.); but few I welcomed more than his defence of illustration.

> You mustn't make the mistake of thinking that I despise illustration. I don't at all. Most of the great artists have been illustrators . . . There is a great difference between illustration as a creative art and illustration as a purely interpretative art. Nowadays the worst insult that can be hurled at a picture is, "Oh, that's mere illustration." That remark is far too much of a generalisation, that includes nearly all artists from Michael Angelo to the illustrator of captions in *Punch*. The primitives illustrated the life of Christ and of the Saints, Rembrandt illustrated in *The Anatomical School*, *The Night Watch*, *Susanna and the Elders*, to name only three of his paintings. Illustration is harmful only when it is the one thing that can be said about a picture or a piece of sculpture, but if the other elements are present, illustration, the link which gives a work some human interest, is on the contrary an advantage.

This book will rank with Paul Gsell's record of Rodins' opinions on arts and confirms my conviction that, though they are often deplorably tongue-tied, when painters and sculptors do talk, they talk with rare wisdom.

* * *

Revaluations has so many good essays on different men that I have no space to deal more than cursorily with the book's general impression. Of the ten essays three, each of peculiar merit, treat of personages remoter in time than Watts. Mr. Chesterton defends Mary Queen of Scots, Mr. Stephen Gwynn reflects on the charm of Goldsmith, and Lord David Cecil brilliantly analyses Charles James Fox. Of the remaining seven one, by Captain Liddell Hart, is on Foch; the rest are all on Victorians, Watts, Tennyson by Mr. Abercrombie, Gladstone by Mr. Marjoribanks, Morris by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson by Mrs. Mitchison and Walter Pater by Mr. Earle Welby. Morris, Watts, Tennyson, Pater—they could scarcely be more different from each other, but one characteristic binds them together as firmly as it separates them from their peers of to-day. They are all, even Pater, more interested in the result of their work than in its process; they are definitely concerned with their audience, and their interest in subject, whether by way of choice or avoidance, always illustrates that concern. It is assumed to-day that this attitude is a bad thing. Or rather it has been assumed until recently; but now there are signs that the most modern artists are becoming uneasy at the divorce between art and life, at the large gulf which has opened between the average spectator and the more specifically modern artists. No doubt this division has not been altogether the artist's doing. It is only one symptom of the general specialisation that has overtaken all modern knowledge. Here again Mr. Laver has an acute passage. Watts, he says,

> was a painter-moralist, which the aestheticism of to-day considers a contradiction in terms, for we feel sure enough of our aesthetics to study Art *in vacuo* and so uncertain of the baser of our moods that we would rather not discuss them at all. To divide is to conquer, and many departments of study have benefited by the coming of the specialist; but to isolate is to sterilize, and ultimately to kill; it is to substitute a series of padded cells for the free life of the village street, where Art can mingle with Life, and Science pass the time of day with either. Perhaps that is why so many departments of human endeavour wear, to-day, an aspect resembling lunacy.

The artist is suffering from the disappearance of the old syntheses. It is no accident that the most popular semi-scientific sport of to-day should be analysis, and that people should carry it so far in aesthetics, philosophy, sociology and psychology that the subject passes away under their examination.

RICHARD SUNNE.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM

Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury. By LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Gordon and the Sudan. By BERNARD M. ALLEN. Macmillan. 21s.

The Milner Papers. South Africa, 1897–1899. Edited by CECIL HEADLAM. Cassell. 30s.

Gordon's death in Khartoum was the turning point in the development of British Imperialism. Gladstone had won his Midlothian campaign on a cry of Liberty, but once in office his spectacular failure, either to leave Egypt and the Sudan alone or effectively to promote the liberty of any party there, provided a public demonstration more effective than any theory, that the principle of liberty did not by itself offer a solution of our foreign and colonial problems. And this demonstration came at a time when the demand for new sources of raw materials, and new outlets for our overseas trade, was already predisposing many in both the Liberal and Conservative camps to abandon *laisser-faire* in foreign policy in favour of a new doctrine of prestige and efficiency. The Birmingham manufacturer who had voted for Bright, peace and prosperity, was soon to acclaim with equal enthusiasm Chamberlain and the white man's burden. While Salisbury was carrying out the partition of Africa with the minimum of friction, and also with the minimum of discussion about either the ethics or the probable results of annexing a new Empire, a group of young men, who had discarded Mill and found comfort in Hegel at Oxford, were making their way into public life. Before the end of the century their influence was to be decisively felt in the Boer War.

These three books, therefore, provide an epitome of the history of British Imperialism during the last twenty years of the nineteenth century. They are all written from a Conservative point of view and they all deal with the political and personal issues rather than with underlying economic factors. Mr. Allen's book is a well-constructed vindication of Gordon. He is particularly concerned to rebut the aspersions of Mr. Lytton Strachey. Mr. Allen's hero-worship sometimes disturbs his judgment, but his book is well documented, and gives the most reliable account of the last days of Gordon yet written. Mr. Allen shows that the question of Gordon's instructions—whether he was to "evacuate" or "report" in the Sudan, or what was involved in either term—is a complex one, that there was confusion about the matter in the Cabinet, and that Gordon cannot be so easily convicted of having wilfully disobeyed his instructions and of attempting to force the Government into the policy of conquest which it had repudiated. He is also much concerned to rebut Mr. Strachey's charge that Gordon drank too much brandy. He is successful in showing that Mr. Strachey sometimes accepted without examination evidence which suits his dramatic narrative. But Mr. Allen would himself have been more convincing if he had not thought to strengthen his case by quoting the excited comments of elderly generals, anxious, years afterwards, to vindicate the honour of Gordon and of their profession. Gordon may have been the most temperate of men, but it is scarcely evidence of his temperance to quote Kitchener as saying "You may take it from me that the whole thing is a damn lie."

When we move on to the next period, when Lord Salisbury was bargaining with the Italians, Germans and Belgians for the ownership of Africa, we find Lady Gwendolen Cecil moving in a highly complex political world with that ease and distinction which we have learned to expect from her. Two chapters in the new volume deal with Salisbury as Prime Minister. The rest is devoted to his foreign policy and the partition of Africa. It is a clear and capable narrative, which covers a period that has so far been inadequately dealt with by historians. Finally, the Milner Papers are an invaluable collection of new documents interspersed with just the necessary amount of editorial narrative. Mr. Headlam's bias is always conspicuous but quite unimportant. The facts and documents are given to us, and there is nothing to prevent us judging them for ourselves.

The tragic muddle of the Sudan was infuriating to the younger generation. Milner had lately joined the staff of the *Pall Mall*. Morley, the representative of the old Liberalism, had gone, and the paper was consciously imperialistic with W. T. Stead, Milner, and E. T. Cook in charge. We find Milner writing to his friend Goschen, bitterly blaming the government, of which Goschen was a member, for having "wobbled" in Africa. In each case, he argued, we were too late; by refusing to admit our responsibilities we had to send out Gordon, and because we would not support Gordon at first we had to send out an army to Khartoum, and so on and so on, always doing with loss of life and prestige what a clearly thought out imperialism could have achieved easily and efficiently at an earlier stage. It is significant that Milner was already in 1884 applying this lesson to the Transvaal question. As he put it in an earlier letter, Gladstone attempted to combine a policy of "*honour* and *philanthropy*," with one of "*peace* and *ease*." Milner's comment was: "We cannot have a foreign policy cheap." When years later, in 1897, he was appointed by Chamberlain to become High Commissioner in Cape Colony, he had fully made up his mind that he was prepared to pay highly in money, life and discomfort for the sake of honour and British interests.

In all his comments, Mr. Headlam shows an inability equal to Milner's own to see the Boer point of view, or indeed to see any but the British point of view. To him as to Milner the intractability of the Boers and Kruger's conviction after the Jameson Raid that England was determined to conquer the Transvaal were entirely unjustified. And yet quotation after quotation builds up the Boer case. Even Milner admits that Chamberlain "astonished him" by making on the eve of his departure for South Africa a "very political and rather bellicose speech." Were the Boers less astonished? Again Mr. Headlam does not justify the Jameson Raid, but he certainly minimises its importance, and while he claims that the High Commissioner was doing his best "to create a fresh and friendly atmosphere for the discussion of differences with the South African Republic," he explains that even then we were sending out reinforcements to South Africa and backing our demand for the repeal of laws to which we objected in the Transvaal by sending a British squadron to Delagoa Bay. In the correspondence between Chamberlain and Milner there is no effort to disguise the danger of Rhodes' position. Rhodes, Chamberlain admits, "did not come out well" in connection with the South African inquiry, and seeing how great were his financial interests in the extension of British power he could not "unite the English without giving offence and cause of suspicion to the Dutch." The constant tenor of these letters is that the necessary policy is, in Milner's words, "to keep such a force in our own country as will impress the Boers with the danger of defying us." Throughout the whole period, the Dutch were suggesting arbitration, to which England was unalterably opposed, and Kruger perfectly understood the reason for our refusal. Writing to Chamberlain, Milner put his position in a nutshell.

> I look on the possession of Delagoa Bay as the best chance we have of winning the great game between ourselves and the Transvaal for the mastery in South Africa without a war. I am not indeed sure that we shall ever be masters without a war. The more I see of S.A. the more I doubt it.

Mr. Headlam also shares Milner's dislike of Sir William Butler, that indiscreet Irishman who insisted, in spite of his position as head of the British Army in South Africa and as acting High Commissioner in Milner's absence, on blurting out the truth about the objects and methods of English Imperialism in South Africa. "He had not been long in South Africa," remarks Mr. Headlam, "before he had begun to show his sympathy with the Boer Republic." He showed this, for instance, by telegraphing that:

> The capitalists are busily engaged in bulling and bearing, having realised certainty of enormous gold values at lower level mines. These plans demand local unrest from one side as a useful depreciatory factor. Hence the recent disturbance [the Edgar case, in which the murder of a British subject provided Chamberlain with a specious excuse for interfering with the Boer government]. Hence also the use of the organisation of the South African League. . . .

Sir William Butler held other unorthodox views. He seems to have adhered to the doctrine that if British nationals sought profit in a foreign country they must accept the conditions of that country, however foolish or harsh those conditions might be. If they did not like them they could go. Even up to the eve of war Sir William Butler refused to believe it his duty to prepare to smash the Boers. Milner finally wrote to Chamberlain:

> One word in conclusion. The General. He is too awful. He has, I believe, made his military preparations all right, but beyond that I cannot get him to make the least move or take the slightest interest. There are a hundred things outside his absolute duty which he ought to be thinking of, especially the rapid raising of volunteers (there is plenty of good material about) in case of emergency. . . . His sympathy is wholly on the other side. At the

HUTCHINSON GIFT BOOKS

BIOGRAPHIES AND REMINISCENCES

PERSONAL LETTERS OF KING EDWARD VII
by Lt.-Col. J. P. C. SEWELL
Illus. **12s. 6d.** (*Limited Edition* **21s.** *Hand-made paper, bound in leather.*)

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS (*2nd Impression*)
by the late Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bt.
Illus. **12s. 6d.**

MY MAGIC LIFE
by DAVID DEVANT *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**
Introduced by **J. B. Priestley**
"Engrossing and Amusing."—*N. Chron.*

LESS THAN THE DUST: The Memoirs of a Tramp
by JOSEPH STAMPER (*3rd Impression*)
"The week's best."—*Daily Mail.* **7s. 6d.**

George Graves's GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES (*2nd Impression*) *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**
Foreword by **C. B. Cochran**
"Eminently readable book."—*Evg. Standard.*

Sir Harry Lauder's WEE DRAPPIES
"The essence of Lauder."—*D. Dispatch.* **5s.**

VANITY VARNISHED
Reminiscences by P. TENNYSON COLE, F.R.G.S. *With illus. in colour.* **21s.**
"Really delightful book."—*Bystander.*

TWENTY-NINE YEARS: The Reign of Alfonso XIII of Spain (*An Authentic Life*)
by Mrs. STEUART ERSKINE
Foreword by the **Marquess of Londonderry,** K.G.
Illus. **12s. 6d.**

SECRETS OF HOUDINI
by J. C. CANNELL (*5th Impression*)
"Keeps the reader gasping."—*S. Times.* *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

MARRIAGE TO INDIA
by FRIEDA HAUSWIRTH (Mrs. Sarangadhar Das) *Frontispiece* **16s.**
"Intensely Interesting."—*Graphic.*

FOOTSLOGGER: Autobiography of GRAHAM SETON (*3rd Impression*)
Author of "The W Plan," etc. *Illus.* **18s.**
EDMUND BLUNDEN: "Remarkable work.

A YELLOW SLEUTH
The Autobiography of "NOR NALLA, Det.-Sgt. Federated Malay States Police"
"Exciting as an Edgar Wallace."—*D. Sketch.* *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**

THE ROMANCE OF MME. DU CHATELET AND VOLTAIRE
by ANDRE MAUREL *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**

SPEED: The Authentic Life of Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL
by J. WENTWORTH DAY
Foreword by **Earl Howe** *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

GLADYS COOPER (*5th Impression*)
by GLADYS COOPER
"Human and candid."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Delightful reading."—*M. Post.* "Piquant reminiscences."—*S. Express.* *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

HALF-WAY: Autobiography of CECIL ROBERTS (*3rd Impression*)
HOLBROOK JACKSON writes: "Brilliant." *Frontis.* **10s. 6d.**

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BULGARIAN DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE
by ANNA STANCIOFF
Introduction by **Lord Newton** *Illus.* **18s.**

FIFTY YEARS OF FIRE FIGHTING IN LONDON
by JACK WHILE
Foreword by **Edgar Wallace**
"Remarkable stories."—*D. Sketch.* *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

LEAVES FROM A BOOKMAKER'S BOOK
by THOMAS HENRY DEY
"Most entertaining Memoirs."—*Dly. Express.* "Very interesting."—*Star.* **6s.**

PRISONER HALM
by KARL WILKE (*2nd Impression*) **7s. 6d.**
"Extraordinarily interesting."—*Yorkshire Post.*

LIFE OF GEN. SIR CHARLES CARMICHAEL MONRO
by Gen. Sir GEORGE BARROW
"Most interesting."—*Dly. Telegraph.* *Illus.* **21s.**

HISTORY

ALLIED SECRET SERVICE IN GREECE (*3rd Impression*)
by Sir BASIL THOMSON
"Astounding Book."—*Dly. Mail.* *Illus.* **21s.**

THE TRAGIC QUEEN: A Study of Mary Queen of Scots
by ANDREW DAKERS
"Readable, vivid."—*News-Chron.* *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

ROOMS OF MYSTERY AND ROMANCE
by ALLAN FEA *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**
Author of "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places."

GAMBLERS ALL
by PHILIP SERGEANT
"Entertainment medley."—*Morning Post.*
"Well-written book."—*Times.* *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY
by JOSEPH CROZIER (*3rd Impression*)
"Thrilling account."—*Punch.* **7s. 6d.**

NELSON: The Establishment of British World Dominion *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**
by F. M. KIRCHEISEN
"Remarkably accurate."—*Evg. Standard.*

NATURAL HISTORY AND TRAVEL

INDIA: Land of the Black Pagoda
by LOWELL THOMAS (*3rd Impression*)
"A memorable picture."—*S. Express.* *Illus.* **18s.**

HOW ANIMALS LIVE
by J. MOREWOOD DOWSETT
"Fascinating."—*Observer.* *Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

CATCHING WILD BEASTS ALIVE
by JOSEPH DELMONT (*3rd Impression*)
"Without a dull page."—*S. Express.* *Illus.* **18s.**

MISS PERFECTION: The Illustrated Story of an Airedale Terrier
by DE VIC BEAMISH **5s.**

A BOOK OF MAN-EATERS
by Brig.-Gen. R. G. BURTON
"A book of importance."—*Times.* *Fully Illus.* **12s. 6d.**

A CHINAMAN IN SUSSEX
The Reflections of a Worldly Peke
by ANDREW SOUTAR **5s.**

NAVAL HISTORY

BY GUESS AND BY GOD
by WILLIAM GUY CARR (*11th Impression*)
"Every story has a thrill."—*Times.* **10s. 6d.**
"Incredible experience."—*E. News.* *Illus.*

TWO LONE SHIPS: The Story of the "Gœben" and "Breslau"
by GEORG KOPP (*2nd Impression*)
"Of absorbing interest."—*M. Post.* *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**

LAUTERBACH OF THE CHINA SEAS
by LOWELL THOMAS (*3rd Impression*)
"Amazing story."—*News-Chron.* *Illus.* **10s. 6d.**

MISCELLANEOUS

WHEN CHURCHYARDS YAWN
15 New Ghost Stories
Compiled by Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH
ARTHUR WAUGH: "Hauntingly eerie." **7s. 6d.**

NEW SCIENCE AND THE STORY OF EVOLUTION
by JOSEPH McCABE
Illus. **7s. 6d.**

SAML. PEPYS, LISTENER
by R. M. FREEMAN (*4th Impression*)
Illustrated by DAVID WILSON **7s. 6d.**

SAML. PEPYS LOOKS AT LIFE
by R. M. FREEMAN
Illustrated by ARTHUR WRAGG
Foreword by **Lord Riddell** **7s. 6d.**

NOEL COWARD'S Collected SKETCHES and LYRICS (*8th Impression*)
"Every page a joy."—*Mng. Post.*
With Frontispiece. **7s. 6d.**

CONTRACT UP-TO-DATE
by J. HOPE REFORD, C.M.G.
Introduction by FRANK ENGLAND (*3rd Impression*)
5s.

Send for FREE List No. 27 of important new books and novels.

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers), Ltd., Paternoster Row, LONDON

same time, there is nothing to lay hold of. He never interferes with my business and is perfectly polite. But he is absolutely no use unless indeed we mean to knuckle down, in which case he had better be made High Commissioner.

This passage occurs in the same letter in which Milner admits that he was wrong in breaking off the Bloemfontein conference as quickly as he did. Extreme fatigue, he suggests, may have had something to do with it. At the last moment we find Milner once more stating those imperialistic principles which always make war "inevitable." When Kruger said at the conference: "I understand from His Excellency's arguments that if I really do not give the whole management of my land and government to the strangers there is nothing to be done," he was stating the exact truth. That was precisely what Milner had told Chamberlain he intended to achieve, if possible without war, but to achieve in any case, and it was for that reason that he wrote to Chamberlain that the suggestion that some questions should be submitted for arbitration to the president of the Swiss Republic, could not be accepted because Great Britain "will not have any foreign government or any foreign interference at all between them and the South African Republic." Milner was a clear-headed man who knew what he wanted. But he, too, fell into obvious hypocrisy, when he wrote to Sir Henry De Villiers: "The impending struggle is, as you say, one of the most repulsive kind. Great Britain has nothing to gain by it . . . ." Great Britain, as Milner well knew, had South Africa to gain by it. He never pretended that he wanted less or that he could not have prevented war at the price of retreat. He left it to Sir Edward Grey to fall back on the usual solace of politicians. Sir Edward Grey, anticipating himself on a later occasion, wrote to Milner:

> It may be that war had to come: the time seems near when those of us who are not sure that diplomacy could have succeeded may have to say that war was inevitable; I wish this had been made more clear first. . . .

Milner knew better: war was only inevitable because Great Britain had pursued a policy which made it so.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

NEW NOVELS

Miramar. By W. B. TRITES. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Winters. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Dorothy's Wedding. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

Autumnal Face. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

Folk by the Sea. By JOHAN BOJER. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Trites, the author of a barren little masterpiece called *The Gipsy*, continues to interest himself in moral degeneration. He has a quick selective eye, and his habit of curt statement is undeniably effective. His art enables him to throw a very sharp light upon the surface of a particular kind of existence; but his penetration is not profound, his people strike one as being nervous organisms with little or no psychological substance, and the inferences he seems to invite us to draw from his story are of a melodramatic order. Sarah Brooke is a rich, amorous lady living a life of busy emptiness at Miramar, which appears to be no great distance from Monte Carlo. She befriends a little boy, Paul Vincent, who is left, on the suicide of his father, alone in the world. Paul marries her daughter Val. Everybody (except, I fancy, Val herself) is what is called "unfaithful" to everyone else; but these various amours appear to have no meaning or reality—they are no more than symptoms of a prevailing fever, the product (presumably) of a profound boredom. Miramar is, in fact, a community of "wasters"—and the word is used here in a scientific rather than a moral sense. These people burn, and burn, and waste away, achieving nothing; not even, I suggest, an object lesson for the rest of us. Paul leaves his wife and their child, and in his long absence, at the moment when he is remorsefully resolving to return to them, she accidentally lets fall a lighted lamp and the child is blinded. Mr. Trites does not suggest (and I hope would repudiate the suggestion) that this disaster is in some sense a comment, if not a "judgment," upon Paul's unwisdom; but the juxtaposition of the two events suggests it in spite of him. And "poetic justice" ("which is even more despicable," said, in effect, Mr. Bernard Shaw, "than the justice that disgraces our criminal courts") is out of place in a novel that aims at realism. I submit that the little boy's blinding is a piece of sentimental self-indulgence on the part of the author; at the end of a novel dealing mercilessly with trivial people, he perhaps felt in need of a good cry. The incident leaves me, however, dry-eyed and dubious.

At the opposite pole of literature is Miss Elizabeth Jenkins's second novel, *The Winters*. Miss Jenkins's writing is of a charm unique in the fiction of to-day. She writes of a civilised world; and her style has not only precision and grace, but literary breeding. Only by some such term can I suggest the warm gentle colouring, the delicacy of perception, the exquisite modulations of thought and feeling, that are apparent in her quietly flowing narrative. This is a luminous and well-mannered book; and, though the manner does sometimes (but faintly) suggest Jane Austen, Miss Jenkins is too much herself, too securely of her own time in respect of characterisation and choice of incident and implicit moral values, to be in danger of challenging a general comparison with her great predecessor. Hers is a larger world than Miss Austen's, a world from which storm and passion are not excluded; but so sure is her touch, so serene and undismayed her acceptance whether of comedy or tragedy, that these violences do not for a moment threaten the book's beautiful equilibrium. It is not easy to quote effectively from pages so quiet in their distinction; but I select, by way of presenting Miss Jenkins to you as it were in person, an (Austenish) "aside," the only piece of interpolated commentary she permits herself:

> Nevertheless one cannot help knowing that as the hero of a novel this sort of young man is disappointing; although, in varying degrees of intelligence and charm, they are met with, conversed and lived with in their hundreds, without people's finding anything amiss, they have only to appear in novels to be described as effeminate at once. In novels, men should give an impression, even if they are not described in the act, of running businesses, editing newspapers, or something of the kind, drinking a great many whiskies and sodas, using bad language and indulging in very warm ideas on the least provocation; in addition to all this, they should have a certain slowness and lack of perception, and a completely commonplace and unimaginative utterance. A morose and savage isolation of spirit, relieved by an endearing touch of helplessness, or, if preferred, an inarticulate feeling for truth and beauty, which leaves them with the expression of a wounded dog when their wives are discovered in indiscretions, will be found a very successful embellishment to the picture, and a great help to some in recognising it as a "powerful and convincing portrait." But if a person answers hardly any part of this description, he is not abiding by the rules, and must take the consequence. The younger Pitt, one fears, would scarcely have passed muster as the hero of a modern novel.

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, a still newer recruit to fiction, is the author of *Three Flats*, a play remarkable for technical audacity and a certain morose vigour. His first novel exhibits these qualities again, together with others more necessary in a novelist. *Autumnal Face* (not, I think, a very happy title) deals severely with a lower-middle-class family: Dad, Mum, George, Bert, and daughter Minnie. It is a mark of the true democrat that he is as ready to criticise a dustman as a duke: it is only your tender-minded snob that finds it necessary to flatter the lower classes, or, if not flatter them, to assure the world that they are really quite decent fellows. Mr. Muggeridge treats his characters with the respect due to an equal: that is, with a respect that by no means excludes a consciousness—even an angry consciousness—of their limitations. Here is "Dad" on his way to the office:

> They packed five a side into railway compartments, opened their newspapers and read, swaying to the rhythm of the moving train, all the way to London. Dad opened his newspaper to find out what had happened in the world since Saturday. His head moved with the train, his mind moved with the newspaper. The mass mind like a snowball incorporated Dad. A great mind rolled from Croydon East to London Bridge, adding to itself from newspapers as it went.

Mr. Muggeridge has the enviable gift of gusto, and makes his points with a relish which we cannot but share:

> Fred, waiting for Minnie, felt exhilarated. He had money in his pocket, a pound note; and occasionally he closed his fingers round it to fortify himself. It was fire. It was power. It made possible delight. He loved it. This evening of his life he had bought with it. The evening was his because the pound was there. And so his step was confident and sure. The pound made him feel clothed and easy, able to look the world in the face. What could he and Minnie have done that evening unless the evening had been bought? Where could they have gone? What said to one another? Time was conquered by the pound and love made available. The fronts of cinemas, gay with light and posters, invited him. He could be at home in cinemas because he could pay. He took Minnie's arm when she came; and the pound note, from its place in his trouser pocket, radiated strength to his whole being.

Recommended by the Book Society

1

THE LONDON BOOK OF
ENGLISH PROSE
Bonamy Dobrée and Herbert Read. (7/6)

"This is the best prose anthology we have yet had . . . one of the best bedside books I know."—HUGH WALPOLE.

"Considering the distinction of its editors this new selection calls for careful consideration. A prose anthology certainly more interesting than any that has yet appeared . . . very reasonably priced and very well produced—points which should recommend it to a large public . . . its range is as wide as anyone could wish."—TIMES LIT. SUPP.

2

GERMAINE DE STAEL
R. McNair Wilson. (15/-)

"Admirable story of her loves and lovers."—DESMOND MacCARTHY.

3

FOCH
B. H. Liddell Hart. (21/-)

"One of the most illuminating things written on the War."—HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM.

4

THE WORST OF LOVE
Hugh Kingsmill. (7/6)

"Malice untempered by charity . . . witty and penetrating."—TIMES LIT. SUPP.

5

RHYMES OF FLOOD AND FIELD
Patrick R. Chalmers. (15/-)

"One of the foremost poets of the country tradition; heart-warming and understanding."—OBSERVER.

6

FLAX
Svend Fleuron & Cecil Aldin. (8/6)

"How rare is the good dog book. My favourite dog is Flax."—SUNDAY TIMES.

7

INDIA IN REVOLT
J. F. C. Fuller. (7/6)

"First-hand thinking by a deeply generous mind . . . his book may prove a revelation."—EDWARD THOMPSON (Spectator).

8

HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE 1931
THE END OF THE WORLD
Geoffrey Dennis. (8/6)

"Imaginatively exquisite . . . beautiful Elizabethan prose."—HUMBERT WOLFE.

9

DEATH ON PACK ROAD
Henry Andover. (7/6)

"Really brilliant."—LIVERPOOL POST.

10

THE SPY NET
Ared White. (7/6)

"No one who wants thrills should miss this . . . swiftly and admirably told."—MORNING POST.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

The theme is frustration, futility, death-in-life. The author is rapturously gloomy, and the word "obscene" seems to hold a strange attraction for him. His people, in general, are too dramatically aware of themselves and their situation: they sometimes have the air of speaking across the footlights out of the centre of their theoretical being, like characters in a Tchehov play. But the writing throughout is very good; one is always aware of being in touch with a young and acute intelligence; and the long last third of the book rises to dignity and tragic beauty.

I am left with two novels that—whatever their merits—must be despatched in a brief paragraph. Miss Sidgwick's reputation can hardly be affected one way or the other by *Dorothy's Wedding*, with its (to my mind) rather too leisurely unfolding of a village drama. And *Folk by the Sea* is a refreshing tale of a simple, heroic, coast-dwelling community in Norway.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE FRENCH

Is God a Frenchman? By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG. Translated by ALAN HARRIS. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Most talk about national characteristics is nonsense, and pernicious nonsense. The English, we tell ourselves, are trustworthy, generous, brave, kind and sportsmanlike. The Germans are mendacious, mean, cowardly, brutal, and businesslike. At least fifteen years ago they were. But since they have ceased to be our most dangerous rival, they seem to have changed their character for the better. It is noticeable that almost all English people, quite independently of their political complexion, feel spontaneously a righteous indignation against whatever may at the moment be the strongest power in the rest of the world. For some years nothing was too bad to say about the Americans. When the bottom fell out of their prosperity, suddenly France became the villain. At present nothing is too black to say against the French, alike at the 1917 and Carlton Clubs. I think pacifically minded people should realise that such talk is a most dangerous form of moral armament, liable to catastrophic explosion. Moreover, even the most cynical might see the folly of a foreign policy which always places this country on the side opposed to the big battalions. The French are now behaving with extreme selfishness. True. But is the foreign policy of any country ever governed by anything except what it considers to be self-interest? The trouble with the French now, as with the Germans before the war, is that their ideas of self-interest are so damnably unenlightened. "*Autour de moi le déluge*," they say complacently. But France is not an Ark, or a mountain; it is a mountaineer tied to its neighbours by an uncutable rope.

Herr Sieburg's book is a hymn of love-hate. France is the pleasantest country in the world; why must it also be the most anti-social member of the world society? He quotes Joan of Arc and Napoleon to show the continuity of the French tradition: "*Ceux qui font la guerre au Saint Royaume de France font la guerre au Roi Jésus*," "The true strength of the French Republic must henceforth lie in preventing any new idea that does not belong to it from raising its head." But was not a good deal heard of "*Unser Gott*" a few years ago? Every country believes that God is on its side; indeed, He may have begun as a tribal symbol. Of course, God is a Frenchman—for the French.

The book is the work of a capable journalist, but excellently translated as it is, I do not see why it should have in England the success which it enjoyed in Germany and France. The Germans regard France as a man might regard a fascinating and cruel "vamp" of superior social position to himself. To us she is a delightful, if sometimes troublesome and dangerous, neighbour. Our national conceit saves us from the inferiority feeling which is the commonest source of quarrels. Herr Sieburg has excellent remarks on the virtues of life in France, he finds there "the essence of everything that gives dignity and beauty to human life." It is true that the French believe in individuals, and that they will not easily surrender to the ideal of the human termitary preached by Communists and Fascists. And Monsieur Grasset, in a rather disagreeable answer to Herr Sieburg printed with his book, seems to assume that this individualism cannot be reconciled with a greater liberality of outlook. He bases his defence of France on the dreary and improbable theory that human nature does not change. But are good cooking and good painting really inconsistent either with good plumbing or good hospitals?

The point which Herr Sieburg has failed to make is that the indifference which French politicians exhibit for the welfare of other countries is equally shown by individual Frenchmen for the welfare of other people in their own country. The condition of the poor in England is bad enough, but our social services do exist. The provision for the poor in France (in most hospitals, for instance) is a disgrace. And instead of reducing their high death-rate, they complain about their low birth-rate. Similarly, our penal system is bad enough, but at least we have no transportation to Cayenne.

There are, however, signs of change, disregarded alike by both Herr Sieburg and Monsieur Grasset. Many Frenchmen are conscious of their duty towards their neighbour, alike in home and foreign policy. The French are excessively brave in danger; their airmen will fly in aeroplanes tied up with string, but their civilians have refused to fly in any aeroplanes at all. They are now beginning to. The younger generation seems to be losing its faith in the most unlovely, yet the most traditionally French, of ideals—security. And they may yet show the world that it is possible to be both elegant and humane, both epicurean and audacious, both neighbourly and French.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

By R. H. Mottram

A new biography of

JOHN CROME OF NORWICH

"An intimate study of Crome the man . . . a most interesting book . . . it is admirably illustrated."—*Morning Post.*

"A delightful and original study."—*Punch.*

With 12 Illustrations. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

By W. D'Arcy Cresswell

Author of "The Poet's Progress."

POEMS 1924-1931

This new collection of poems contains the author's own selection from his first book of verse together with sonnets from "The Poet's Progress" and a number of hitherto unpublished pieces, with a new preface. 5*s. net.*

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.

MR. STURGE MOORE

The Poems of T. Sturge Moore. Collected Edition. Vol. I. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

In a poem of pride Mr. W. B. Yeats has spoken of those who will dine late with Landor and Donne. Without doubt, Mr. T. Sturge Moore will be invited, though he may declaim against rareness. Has he not in a recent fragment of creative criticism attacked the restrictive sense of personal property in verse, extolling those larger days of give-and-take, when poets improved each other's lines? Hasty poets parcel their private property from time to time in bulky editions and label it "Posterity," but Mr. Moore has been content too long with scattered books of verse, slender enough for the colporteur's pack. "The Items

NASH & GRAYSON

THE APES OF GOD

By WYNDHAM LEWIS

RICHARD ALDINGTON in the *Reference*: "*The Apes of God*, though one of the cruellest, is also one of the most tremendous farces ever conceived in the mind of man. For comparisons one must fall back on Rabelais and Aristophanes . . . My final feeling is that *The Apes of God* is the greatest piece of *writing* since *Ulysses*." 620 *pages*. 10s. 6d.

THE FARO TABLE

or the Gambling Mothers

By CHARLES SEDLEY

The Bystander: "It is one of the most laughter-making books I have read for a long time, bubbling with witty and acid descriptions." 7s. 6d.

HOTEL ACROPOLIS

By DRIEU LA ROCHELLE

Evening News: "A neat, clever, spirited study . . . admirably handled."

News Chronicle: "Always lively, and frequently exciting." 7s. 6d.

SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS

By ESSAD-BEY

"BEACHCOMBER" in the *Daily Express*: **An Astonishing Book.** I am astounded that a far greater fuss has not been made about an extraordinary book called *Twelve Secrets of the Caucasus*. . . . It is worth more than all the forty thousand novels by neurotic women published this month." 15s.

NAPOLEON OF THE SNOWS

By Major-General Sir JOHN ADYE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

With an Introduction by Field-Marshal VISCOUNT ALLENBY

Sunday Times: "Admirably written and extremely interesting account of the first, and not the least, brilliant achievement of Napoleon. . . . Stirring and picturesque pages." *Illustrated*. 21s.

THE WANDER YEARS

By FREDERICK LORT-PHILLIPS

Vice-President of the London Zoological Society, 1906

Observer: "He has an excellent eye for the objective, and few travellers have been more successful in winnowing from their books what was interesting only to themselves. For so stout a volume, it makes remarkably quick reading." *Illustrated*. 21s.

IN THE TRACK OF THE CRUSADERS

Overland with a Rucksack to Jerusalem

By EVERT BARGER

Daily Telegraph: "A book by a traveller born. . . . A notable first book . . . packed full of incidents, exciting and amusing." *Illustrated*. 15s.

PLEASE TAKE ME NEXT TIME

By PERCY COLSON

Author of *I Hope They Won't Mind*

Liverpool Post: "An invaluable companion for those who seek recreation in France, Spain, or Italy. Mr. Colson writes intimately, as from friend to friend, and seems always to have an appropriate story at the tip of his pen." *Illustrated*. 12s. 6d.

CURZON ST., MAYFAIR

John Murray

Books for Gifts

ROSEBERY by CREWE

"Perfect in sympathy and understanding; flawless in construction."—Col. John Buchan, M.P., in the *Observer*. Illustrated. 2 vols. £2 2s. net.

DON ALFONSO XIII

The Authorized Life by his first cousin, H.R.H. PRINCESS PILAR OF BAVARIA, and MAJOR DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON. Illus. 21s. net.

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Published by authority of H.M. the King. Edited by G. E. BUCKLE. 8 photogravures. SECOND Volume (1891-1895) of the Final Series. "Have all the colour and movement of a romance."—*Morning Post*. 25s. net.

LORD CAVE

A Memoir by Sir CHARLES MALLET. "A remarkable feat. A faithful portrait by a great artist."—Sir John Marriott in the *Observer*. 16 Illustrations. 15s. net.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

To the BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.
Edited by CHARLES C. OSBORNE. 7s. 6d. net.
Illustrated Edition-de-Luxe (500 copies). 21s. net.

ST. PATRICK, A.D. 180

By the Rev. CANON J. ROCHE ARDILL, LL.D. The author reveals the startling fact that St. Patrick really lived in the second century, not 250 years later, as has been generally supposed. 5s. net.

RIFLEMAN AND HUSSAR

By Col. Sir PERCIVAL MARLING, Bt., V.C., C.B. *The Times* says, "There is hardly a dull page in the book." With 13 Illustrations. 18s. net.

THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

By Lt.-Col. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G. A recognised military authority here deals comprehensively with the great struggle. With 11 Maps. 21s. net.

MIRACLES OF HEALING & HOW THEY ARE DONE

A New Path to Health. By J. ELLIS BARKER. Shows how many diseases regarded as incurable by orthodox methods can be cured by methods unknown to the vast majority of doctors. 7s. 6d. net.

Still a "Best Seller"!

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By AXEL MUNTHE. *26th Impression*. 16s. net.

By the same Author

MEMORIES AND VAGARIES
With a New Preface. *5th Impression*. 6s. net.

RED CROSS AND IRON CROSS
With a New Preface. *9th Impression*. 3s. 6d. net.

New 7/6 Fiction.

THE KINGDOM THAT WAS
By JOHN LAMBOURNE

PASSIONATE INTERLUDE By ANNE DUFFIELD

THE GOLDEN FOUNDLING
By SINCLAIR MURRAY

THE LAIRD OF BALFRIE
By DUNCAN McLELLAN

DEATH LEAVES US NAKED
By LEONARD HOLLINGWORTH

RHYMER'S WAKE (5s. net.)
By MARY MacCARVILL

ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

THE NONESUCH HOMER

THE NONESUCH PRESS has completed its Homer, in which the Greek text and Pope's translation face each other. The first volume, containing the ILIAD (£4.4.0), was described by the *Morning Post* as "one of the best products of a great press that makes the book, rather than the decoration of the book, always its chief care." The ODYSSEY is now ready, price £3.17.6; over 700 pages, bound in whole niger. There are no copies of the ILIAD available, and early application should be made to the booksellers for the ODYSSEY. The edition is limited to 835 copies for England.

DRYDEN

The Tercentenary edition of Dryden's Plays, edited by Montague Summers, will be complete in six volumes of about 600 pages each. The first two volumes (price £2.12.6 for the two) will be ready next week. Sets should now be reserved with the booksellers. The edition is limited to 600 sets for England. No such complete or scholarly edition of Dryden's Theatre has hitherto been attempted.

LOVELY FOOD

A Menu-, Recipe- and Notebook by Ruth Lowinsky, with decorations by Thomas Lowinsky. A gay book, a practical book, a book to find, not lose, one's way in. And a very pretty book. An *un*limited edition, price 6s., and 500 copies (all subscribed) on handmade paper, price 15s. Consider it well for your Christmas gifts.

The Nonesuch Press publishes four unlimited editions *which are in constant demand:*

BLAKE: Complete Writings. 1200 pages, buckram, 12s. 6d.

JOHN DONNE: Complete Poems and Selected Prose. 800 pages, buckram, 8s. 6d.

HAZLITT: Selected Essays. 800 pages, buckram, 8s. 6d.

THE WEEK-END BOOK: A Sociable Anthology. 560 pages, illustrated. Cloth 6s., leather 8s. 6d. Over 115,000 copies have been sold.

And two books of present and historical importance:

SHAKESPEARE V. SHALLOW: Dr. Hotson's exciting account of his great Shakespearean discovery (12s. 6d.) and DE MAISSE'S JOURNAL (7s. 6d.).

THE NONESUCH PRESS
16 Great James Street, W.C.

FRANCIS MEYNELL VERA MEYNELL DAVID GARNETT

in this collection," he tells us, "are not arranged chronologically, for such an order is merely intellectual." We may avoid what he propounds so tersely, for the implications of that sentence would need columns of argument. It is sufficient for the nonce to welcome the stately fact of this collected edition, and we may acknowledge the poet's right to become his own Hanging Committee, being certain that when he arranges a series of poems under the caption, Moods of Appreciation, he uses the word as fully as Pater. Mr. Moore is a difficult poet: the slamming of bolts and bars as he locks his thoughts into his lines is not pleasing to the indolent ear. Only once has Master Anthologist caught him napping: a snatch about bob-a-cherry kisses shared by a king and queen in Babylon is, perhaps, Mr. Moore's only concession to popular ease.

Modern poetry tends to become an emotional amalgam. In their excited and joyful desire to live fully poets pounce upon the reader's own intimations and approximations. By comparison Mr. Moore is academic in the best sense of the word: he has refused to surrender emotionally to his medium. His work is essentially a personal experience when we approach it: we may take much or little from it. We may return and find what we missed at first. When, for instance, I first came on those slender books of verse neatly ranged on an artist's bookshelf, I borrowed copiously and without shame, cramming them like moons and continents into my four pockets. Those sonnets, dialogues and dramatic pieces yielded at first only an obscure glimmer like that of Milton's Hell, but I knew even as I fled from the wrestling match that the angel of intellectual difficulty would lure me back. No poet is more meditative than Mr. Sturge Moore, and yet the first impression of his work brings us a sense of material reality. The romantic poet claps colour and cardboard together, in quest for the quiddity of things; but Moore, like William Morris, never forgets the practical and patient joy of workmanship: the joy of solidity and use. Absalom may strut the stage, but the stage direction runs: "Chains jangle around his neck, and when he straightens up, letting his arms fall, the bracelets clatter to his wrists." One may suspect that it is this sense of the continuity of handicraft through the ages, rather than preoccupation with sentiment, which gives the poet his power of realising familiarly the classic past:

> When I looked forth all, all was white,
> The uphill fields, the well-worn road;
> Clover with scent had filled the night,
> Though far Vesuvius' crater glowed,
> Haycocks seemed snow in the wan light.

Even in that astonishing poem, *Danae*, with its metaphysical commentary and lovely images of maidenhood, the poet takes liberties feared by the romantic.

> Though every week her clothes are borne away
> Soiled, crumpled, limp: wait seven days and they
> Come back clean, smooth and neatly folded: so
> Slumber each night renews her:

but no metaphysical conceits are to be found in that wash basket of Morpheus.

One might argue that the artist and the poet in Sturge Moore have never fully solved their difficulties despite the watching critic: that he has, in fact, played the Lessing to his own Laocoon. Certainly his sense of language as a medium to be overcome has kept him from mere metrical escape. We rarely find so direct a matching of syllable and meaning as in such lines:

> Still brilliant with bright brass, the tower derides
> The sun's gold shafts, which strike, and on all sides
> Like ridicule-lit laughter, spread.

He is like the craftsman who knows that plain oak will yield its richness only through the patient carving of design, so he avoids gold leaf.

The attempt to reach a static condition by meditation, to stop the vibration of words until they become

> More powerful than passion, patient as stone,

is the predominant desire in Mr. Moore's poetry. But to adventure through this first volume of his collected poems is to find his other selves working freely in various metaphorical mediums—and to discover quietly hidden experiments. Who, but Sturge Moore, has rediscovered the pagan prayer as a means of true poetic expression, showing us thereby an ample humanity, so that we forget the knee-hassocks, the hand-clasping and head-dipping of our own prayers. Or who has distinguished so

Books make good Friends

OFFERINGS TO FRIENDS

By ANTONIO de NAVARRO 7s. 6d.

"Delicate Essays . . . no easy task to pick out the gems of this collection . . . an artist who is intensely alive to the beauty of the English language."—*Punch.*

THE ROMANCE OF SOHO

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

Illustrated in Photogravure 12s. 6d.

". . . with incredible labour and devoted skill . . . fills a very attractive volume with the pickings from that small region alone."—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE MEN OF THE LAST FRONTIER

By GREY OWL

35 Illustrations 10s. 6d.

". . . is an authoritative account of wild life in the more remote parts of Canada. Grey Owl writes vividly and with a passionate sincerity."
—*COMPTON MACKENZIE in the Daily Mail.*

MIRRORS AND ANGLES

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

24 Pencil Sketches by MARGARET DOBSON, A.R.E. 10s. 6d.

". . . have a sensitiveness in perception and expression that makes their effect sharp as a fresh blade of grass. She is at her best in poems that give the moods and seasons of English country."—*Observer.*

SOMETHING IN THE CITY

By COLLIN BROOKS 8s. 6d.

". . . Contains a wealth of information about the financial and commodity markets of modern London, with glimpses at their history . . . facts are authoritative and remarkably interesting."
—*New Statesman and Nation.*

IMPORTANT PEOPLE

By J. N. DOWD and BRENDA E. SPENDER
2nd Edition, enlarged (just out) 15s.

These pencil and prose portraits of children go straight to the hearts of Parents.

Prospectuses of these books from all Booksellers.

COUNTRY LIFE, LTD. 20, Tavistock St., W.C.2

Holidays in France may be difficult or impossible; but try French cooking at home

Mrs. Lucas's French Cookery Book
by Elizabeth Lucas

"By far the best modern treatise I have ever read in English. Every trousseau, simple and sumptuous, should include it."—MR. MORTON SHAND in the *Observer.* *Third Impression* 6/- *n.t*

A Book which mothers will appreciate when faced with the request "Tell me a Story"

Children's Stories and How to Tell Them
by Woutrina A. Bone

"A book which fathers and mothers most certainly ought to read"—*Spectator.* *Third Impression* 4/6 *net*

A vivid account of great events in our History, The Perfect Present.

The Naval Side of British History
by Geoffrey Callender

"Already ranks as a classic" — *Daily Telegraph* *Fourth Impression* 8/6 *net*

CHRISTOPHERS: 22 BERNERS STREET, W.1

INTERESTING BOOKS

ROMAN LITERARY THEORY AND CRITICISM
A Study in Tendencies
J. F. D'ALTON, D.D. — 21/- net.

HORACE
Rendered into English by
A. F. MURISON, LL.D. — 12/6 net.

STUDIES IN MODERN HISTORY
G. P. GOOCH, D.Litt. — 10/- net.

EDWARD JENNER, M.D., F.R.S.
Naturalist and Discoverer of Vaccination
F. DAWTREY DREWITT, M.D. — 6/- net.

POETRY BY
ARTHUR VINE HALL
POEMS OF A SOUTH AFRICAN
Collected Verse
New Edition, with Illustrations — 10/6 net.

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE IN EAST AFRICA
6th Edition, with Illustrations — 4/6 net.

FROM LONGMANS

precisely between the pictorial and the picturesque, as Mr. Moore does in such a rare poem as *The Deeper Desire:*

> From noon and afternoon rich blue has bled
> Into a sea now dark as the sky is pale;
> Down through the cliffs in heat-hushed haste they trail.
> Vesture, like flimsy petals, quickly shed,
> Each naked girl is soon a bobbing head,
> Breeze ruffles, lo! the bay is strewn with sail,
> And, conscious of the shoreward-tacking male,
> They stumble forth; the quietude has fled.
> White towels cling, Diana climbs the east;
> The bevy turns half-clad to mutely stare;
> The fleet afar is heading for the moon.
> Though its approach had to young hearts been boon,
> The disappointment more profoundly pleased;
> Ocean and solitude had lured them there.

Even the humour of the "shoreward-tacking male" is that of painter rather than of literary man, and the split infinitive in the sestet is completely forgivable.

AUSTIN CLARKE.

A GREAT IRISHMAN

Bishop Berkeley: His Life, Writings and Philosophy. By J. M. HONE and M. M. ROSSI. With an Introduction by W. B. YEATS. Faber and Faber. 15s.

The philosophy of Berkeley has in recent years been brought into new prominence, no less by the belief of certain philosophers than by the apparent trend of physical science. There are many reasons why the educated man-in-the-street, superficially acquainted with the conclusions of Einstein, Whitehead, and Jeans, should look with favour upon a system which is generally represented as taking for its measuring-rod the mind, and the mind only: and the twentieth-century immanentist, who turns back respectfully or patronisingly to Berkeley as his forerunner, likewise helps to give his name a currency in fashionable thought. Nothing is commoner in the history of philosophy than this cool reaching backward to appropriate such parts of a man's doctrine as suit one's own, and to replace with one's own such as remain intractable. For, in cold fact, Berkeley gives the immanentist poor support. No one, his career considered in sum, understood more accurately the limits of the human mind, or more courageously faced the consequences of those limits—the existence of something beyond. In his view of the final grounds of being and knowing, Berkeley was a frank transcendentalist. For him, sensations (his "ideas" meant little more: the influence of Locke was never quite thrown off) were the one basis for a conception of reality: and that reality derived its reason and coherence not from the perceiving mind, but from the deliberate and purposed act of God. The objects of sight, for instance, he compared to language: arbitrary signs, bearing no relation to the thing signified, but constant "by appointment": a universal language, implying the presence and purpose of God. Berkeley's God is no "desperate hypothesis" lugged in to prop a system when logic breaks down.

> So fixed, so immutable are the laws by which the Unseen Author of nature actuates the Universe. . . . What treatment then do those philosphers deserve who would deprive these noble and delightful scenes of all reality?

Some of our moderns are beckoning a strange figure to support them.

The prime merit of this account of Berkeley is its honesty. The authors have treated him not as a system but as a man. They allow him to change his mind. They expose and do not defend his inconsistencies. They approach him without prejudice, and give us the history of a human being passionately, but not exclusively, or even continuously, interested in philosophy. The weaknesses and contradictions of his life and thought are to them a necessary condition of humanity.

> . . . We think that the biographer is not called to judge his subject. He knows that all greatness is a human greatness, and strives to find at last, beyond the vanishing dreams and the flowing thoughts, the sound, deep-embedded soul of a fellow-man.
>
> And in the soul of Berkeley we find, beyond his contradictions and his mistakes, justification enough for the admiration that followed him.

The result of this attitude, coupled with scrupulous research, and a clearness of exposition worthy even of the subject, is one of the best biographies of modern times. It allows one to see not a conception of Berkeley, but Berkeley himself. All that could be ascertained has been set down. Of conjecture there is little, and it is never disguised as fact. The material is put into the reader's hands, faithfully, simply, and without pretence: and the development in Berkeley's thought is considered side by side with his development as a man.

The Dublin into which he came from school at Kilkenny was apt indeed for the tone and colour of his mind. Philosophy and theology were in the very air. There was King, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, author of *De Origine Mali*. The Provost of Trinity was Browne, the critic of Locke, who became Bishop of Cork, and earned Swift's dislike. There was William Molyneux, and that interesting figure, John Toland (will no Irish scholar write a life of him? It would prove worth the pains), for whom the young philosopher had scant respect. In this contentious atmosphere Berkeley's spirit flourished. His "New Principle" he had early enunciated: the *Principles of Human Knowledge* appeared in 1710, ten years after his matriculation. He visited England in 1713, was welcomed by no less a person than Swift, and introduced to the society of Steele, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, and many another. He wrote in the *Guardian*. For some years after this—except for 1714–1716—he was on the Continent, and did not return to London till 1721. From then onward public affairs occupied an increasing portion of his time and interest. The Bermuda scheme was conceived soon after his return: he resigned his fellowship in 1724, and set off for America with his bride just four years later. The story of his failure and return is well known.

There followed a period of controversy. The possessor of "every virtue under Heaven" did not include among them meekness in dispute: his expected preferment was delayed, but not for long. In 1734 Berkeley received the See of Cloyne, and returned to Ireland for good. The remainder of his days was spent principally upon his duties as Bishop and his attempts to combat the pestilence which followed the lean years round about 1740.

We are given to understand, in Mr. Yeats' introduction, that the biographical detail is by Mr. Hone, and the philosophical analysis by Signor Rossi. Their collaboration is a singularly happy one. Mr. Hone shows an extraordinary knowledge of subject and background, Signor Rossi an extraordinary skill in

Children play hard

This means that their need of food supplying materials for warmth and energy is much greater than in adults. Hovis supplies these essential materials. Vitamin B for good digestion and sound nutrition; Proteins for warmth, energy and healthy growth . . . Give them

HOVIS TRADE MARK

The National Health Builder

Everyday

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

A CHRISTMAS LIST FROM LONGMANS

BOOK SOCIETY'S CHOICE

KING CHARLES II
ARTHUR BRYANT — 9/6 net

KING, QUEEN, JACK
Philip of Spain Courts Elizabeth
MILTON WALDMAN — 10/6 net

EVERY MAN'S BIBLE
An Anthology arranged with an Introduction and Notes by
DEAN INGE — India Paper Edition 10/6 net — 7/6 net

THE SECOND MERCURY STORY BOOK
Edited by J. C. SQUIRE with an Introduction by
ROBERT LYND — 7/6 net

IMPASSIONED CLAY
LLEWELYN POWYS — 6/- net

THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER
And Other Plays
THORNTON WILDER — 6/- net

S.S. SAN PEDRO
A Tale of the Sea
J. G. COZZENS — 6/- net

THREE HOUSES
By
ANGELA THIRKELL
Illustrated
6/- net
Reminiscences of the Burne-Jones circle in London and at Rottingdean

REVALUATIONS
STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY
By
LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE: G. K. CHESTERTON: LORD DAVID CECIL: G. D. H. COLE: CAPT. LIDDELL HART: NAOMI MITCHISON and OTHERS
7/6 net

THE BANK OF ENGLAND FROM WITHIN
By
W. MARSTON ACRES
2 volumes 30/- net
". . The story maintains a high level of excellence throughout . . . It is a wonderful story . ."—*Sunday Times*

ENGLAND AND THE INTERNATIONAL POLICY OF THE EUROPEAN GREAT POWERS
1871-1914
By
A. F. PRIBRAM
10/6 net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOK BARGAINS ★

Select from these books, NEW AS PUBLISHED, offered at sale prices—Remit to the value of the books and you will receive them CARR. PAID.

BEETHOVEN. By W. J. Turner. A vivid biography of Beethoven, his music and influence. ***Pub. at 18/-. Offered at 8/-***

RINGS ON HER FINGERS. By Rhys Davies. Edition limited to 175 signed copies. Printed on Basingwerk Parchment Paper. Buckram. Boxed. ***Pub. at 31/6. Special offer 15/-***

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. A fine rendering of the great poet's work by Arthur Symons. Ltd. Edn. ***Pub. at 30/-. Offered at 15/6***

THE MERCURY BOOK (Second Series). Selections from the "London Mercury" of the work of the most eminent writers of the day. ***Pub. at 7/6. Offered at 4/-***

TWENTY-FOUR PORTRAITS OF LITERARY GENIUSES. Drawn by Sir W. Rothenstein, each with critical appreciation. Ltd. Edn. ***Pub. at 21/-. Offered at 4/-***

MYSELF AND THE THEATRE. By Komisarjevsky, the great producer, on the modern theatre. (*Illus.*) ***Pub. at 12/6. Offered at 5/-***

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. A fine selection of English Traditional Carols and Songs. With music and 14 full-page illustrations in colour. (11½ x 8¼.) ***Pub. at 10/6. Offered at 5/6***

ANTHOLOGY OF CHRISTMAS PROSE AND VERSE. The best Christmas writings, material ranging from 15th century to living writers and artists. ***Pub. at 15/-. Offered at 8/-***

UNDERTONES OF WAR. By Blunden. ***Pub. at 10/6. Offered at 5/3***

MORNINGS IN MEXICO. By D. H. Lawrence. ***Pub. at 7/6. Offered at 5/3***

OUR LATEST CATALOGUE OF BOOK BARGAINS WILL BE SENT POST FREE. ***WRITE NOW!***

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

★ **THE BOOK SUPPLY CO.**
149 FLEET STREET, E.C.4.

R. A. Scott-James

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE

"He has, as a critic, an unusual capacity for penetrating to the centre of his subject and working outward from that centre to the circumference of his subject's works." *Yorkshire Post.* "The work of a practical man of letters of encyclopædic knowledge and sure taste in books." *Everyman.* 7s. 6d.

Also
THE MAKING OF LITERATURE 7s. 6d.

SECKER

Lord Alfred Douglas

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"He has always been a 'stormy petrel' in non-literary matters, and perhaps this has obscured the appreciation of his poetry. I am now beginning to be hopeful that his more general recognition is coming nearer." *Evening Standard.* New and cheaper edition, 8s. 6d.

Also COMPLETE POEMS 10s. 6d.
SELECTED POEMS 3s. 6d.

SECKER

expressing the intricate convolutions of thought: and both are agreed upon the manner in which Berkeley is to be tackled. Every temptation towards formula has been resisted—not least the temptation to present Berkeley as the originator of a coherent system.

The sole continuous growth in Berkeley's system seems to have been the growth in Berkeley's consciousness in regard to the necessity and importance of rational thinking beside pure sensation, in the building up of knowledge.

Mr. Yeats lays special emphasis upon Berkeley as a natural figure. At a time when Irish intellectual passion has lost its outlet, he directs the attention of the young men to the dreamer of Cloyne as to an emblem. Save for a brief passage in which he appears to have misunderstood Mr. J. W. Dunne, this introduction, resonant, authoritative, and impassioned, will bear comparison with anything he has written: and one lays down the book feeling that to have so prefaced it has been a small but integral part of Mr. Yeats' life work.

L. A. G. STRONG.

"THE GENIUS OF WOMEN"

On Understanding Women. By MARY R. BEARD. Longmans. 15s.

Mrs. Beard's title is misleading, particularly in the first two words. There is practically nothing here upon how women have been understood or might be understood. Her immense essay about women ramps over almost the entire field of human history, from pre-historic times, as reconstructed by anthropologists, through Greek civilisation and Roman, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the eighteenth century in France, to the present day and its variety of experiments, Fascism, Communism, American Democracy. In 1773 a Mr. Russell translated and enlarged from the French of M. Thomas *An Essay on the Character, Manners and Genius of Women in Different Ages*, an informing and engaging work which covers succinctly practically the same field of inquiry as Mrs. Beard's book, and possesses a title which Mrs. Beard might have profited by borrowing. M. Thomas set out to show "that women are susceptible of all the qualities which religion, society, or government, would choose to assign them." Mrs. Beard's aim seems to be to prove that women can do anything, have done everything, and probably are more responsible for civilisation than men. But as by civilisation she appears to mean little more than the elaboration of physical comforts, the compliment cannot do much damage. "Woman, by means of domestic innovations, lifted her low-browed male companion above the wild beasts that he hunted with stone and club and devoured in the raw." Or, as she puts it elsewhere, "Eve was ready to taste the apple even if Adam crouched in terror, shivering before her culture from the start."

When Mrs. Beard leaves primitive woman—which unfortunately she does without giving any conclusive proofs of her theory—she gets swept into a biographical whirlpool. The lives of all the distinguished women ever known, from Aspasia down to Mlle. de Lespinasse, attracted her busy mind and busier pen, and although many have been omitted, there are still a great many left. She who says everything proves nothing. The more women one discusses or the more widely and generally one discusses woman, the more artificial and unprofitable does any feminist or anti-feminist thesis become. It is almost as though a historian sat down to write a history of the world since earliest times proving that sons were always more intelligent creatures than fathers, quite forgetting that all fathers are also sons. All women are the daughters of men and many are the wives and mothers of men, and to separate them out from men on any large scale throughout the centuries makes many new confusions and clears up few old ones. It is true that women have seldom been officially recognised as equal with men, but it is also true that few communities have ever existed in which men recognised one another as equals. Both sexes have suffered as much oppression from other members of those sexes as ever women have suffered from men, and if a record is to be made of the evil spoken by men of women, to get the picture in focus we must also make a record of the evil that men have spoken of one another. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as the sex war, but its proportions and nature can be properly understood only if one sees it as part of the whole human struggle for pre-eminence and privilege.

Almost everyone to-day will agree that for women, to a greater or less degree, the dice have always been loaded to their dis-

THE ALCHEMIST

MODERN ALCHEMY differs from that of the ancients' in that it is successful !

Life assurance is the modern alchemy by means of which money is endowed with the power of increasing or profit-earning. The extent to which this profit-earning power may be carried is clearly illustrated by the following example . . . . . .

"A" aged 25 years next birthday, assures himself for £1,000 payable at the end of 25 years, or at death, should that occur before the policy matures.

	£	s.	d.
The Annual premium would be ..	37	8	4
§*LESS* Income Tax abatement at 2s. in the £	3	14	10
Net annual cost	£33	13	6

§*Note. Although the abatement of Income Tax in respect of life assurance is NOW 2/6 in the £, it is considered fairer to present this estimate on the lower abatement at 2/- in the £, rather than on the abatement under the Emergency Budget.*

Total net cost over 25 years £841 17 6

BENEFIT AT MATURITY

sum assured	£1,000	0	0
*Bonus, estimated at present rate of £2 2s. per cent. per annum ..	525	0	0
Total estimated sum receivable ..	£1,525	0	0
Deduct total net cost as shown above	841	17	6
PROFIT	£ 683	2	6

**It should be understood that the amount of Bonus shown in the example is not guaranteed but is based on the assumption that the present rate of Bonus will be maintained.*

Smaller or larger policies are available. Examples of policies for longer or shorter terms will be supplied if you will advise us of your age next birthday, and the sum assured and term required.

Co-operative Insurance Society Limited.

Established 1867

Chief Office : 109 Corporation Street, MANCHESTER

London Office : 42 Kingsway, W.C.2

Branch and District Offices CIS *in all the principal towns*

The Sign of Security

ASSETS EXCEED £12,250,000

Will you please help their dream to come true ?

At all times, in all ways, the Salvation Army is seeking to aid the needy.

This Christmas promises to be a lean one for the poor. Bare cupboards and empty fireplaces will cause much sorrow and hardship. Will you please make the Salvation Army your channel of blessing this Christmastide? The smallest gift will send cheer into some poverty stricken home. Please send it NOW to

GENERAL EDWARD J. HIGGINS

THE SALVATION ARMY

101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

advantage. Mrs. Beard is not an arrant feminist; she does not feel that women have never had any opportunity to show what they can do; on the contrary she emphasises the way in which they have frequently managed to evade the restrictions of convention and written law and given their talents and their inclinations free play. Unfortunately her open-mindedness in this particular only adds to the vagueness of her book. One is often not quite sure whether her object is to advocate greater opportunities for a sex of such clear ability or to prove that the resources of women have always been equal to the obstacles in their way. Added to this her meaning is often obscure. "The brute is about one hundred per cent. obvious nature" is a typical remark, which is possibly true if one could interpret "obvious nature." On the other hand, the statement that the Romans made luxury in baths "a veritable religion" is clear, but untrue, as is the description of Isabella d'Este as a duchess and of Christ's work as proselytising.

In so large a book inaccuracies are bound to creep in, and it would be churlish not to recognise that Mrs. Beard has made a brave effort to throw light upon a perplexing and interesting side of human history. But Gibbon himself might have trembled at the task she set herself. The book is well indexed and has eight pages of bibliography, which, however, do not contain Mill's *Subjection of Women*, or Cleveland's *Women under English Law*, or Kidd's *Science of Power*, or Mrs. Ray Strachey's *The Cause*, or Mrs. Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*.

LYN Ll. IRVINE.

SHORTER NOTICES

Hunters and Hunted. By W. S. CHADWICK. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Chadwick stalks with an eye like a camera to focus an incident, and his pictures are clear-cut. He talks after the manner of Mr. Kearton among his penguins. He has a nose for the scent, and is after big game in the sense that he is especially in search of adventure among animals and men in Africa. The unæsthetic rhinoceros, *bête noire*, looms upon the horizon in all his crass stupidity and chronic truculence; leopards prowl in the jungle. Elephant-power provides a grand motif. The hyena and the crocodile lie down together in their filthy voracity and furtiveness, and what Mr. Chadwick somewhat anthropomorphically calls their cowardice. There are some glimpses of men, good "bad men," medicine men. On the whole, and rightly, the beasts are the lords of this particular corner of creation. The author does not waste words in sketching in his background of the bush to any great extent. He takes it for granted that, with cinematographic Changs and the like, unknown lands are dark no longer.

A Pilgrim Artist in Palestine. By PETER F. ANSON. Ouseley. 6s.

Forty line drawings of scenes in Palestine, one coloured. Mr. Anson sketches realistically and agreeably, and some of his heavily shadowed interiors are curiously effective. Every illustration is faced by descriptive text.

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert: a Topsy-Turvy Adventure. By TOWNLEY SEARLE. Ouseley. 5s.

An informative bibliography of the published work of W. S. Gilbert. The famous librettos of the Gilbert and Sullivan and other operas; the Bab Ballads; the better-known comedies; the serious plays which he took so seriously: and a host of fugitive publications which have long been forgotten.

Just out

Essays in Persuasion

by

J. M. KEYNES

10s. 6d. net.

Macmillan

Simple Vegetarian Cookery. By DR. PAUL CARTON. Translated by ELIZABETH LUCAS. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

The sponsorship of Mrs. Lucas, author of one of the best modern English cookery-books, assures us that Dr. Carton's dishes will be edible. Dr. André Schlemmer's preface adds the conviction that they will do us no harm, while the author's recommendation is founded on personal experience; he was restored to health by his own vegetarian diet. The average human carnivore will perhaps be suspicious of the vegetarian propaganda dispersed about the book. Its general doctrine is open to debate, and the strictures upon milk seem rather excessive. But the recipes themselves are sufficiently attractive, and those dealing with vegetables will add variety to what is usually the most unimaginative part of an English meal. While Dr. Carton may not succeed in weaning us from the flesh, he at least gives us a better run for our indigestion.

BREVITIES ON BOOKS

These notices of new books do not preclude later reviews.

Essays In Persuasion. By J. M. Keynes. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
Or in prophecy, writes Mr. Keynes in his preface. Could any other living economist publish "a collection of the croakings of twelve years" and show so large a proportion of unhappily fulfilled predictions? From reparations to the gold standard, how long the list is! And no other Cassandra ever wrote so well.

J. Mc. T. E. McTaggart. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Cambridge University Press. 6s.
A fascinating volume of tribute to and recollection of one of the most remarkable University men of our time. McTaggart is remembered at Cambridge as, in their spheres, are Walter Headlam, A. W. Verrall, and Neville Figgis.

The Religion Of Tibet. By Sir Charles Bell. Oxford University Press. 18s.
A book notable for its general interest as well as for its particular appeal to students of religion; well written, well illustrated and admirably documented.

Lovely Food. By Ruth Lowinsky. Nonesuch Press. 6s.
An unlimited Nonesuch book for unlimited appetites, but not unlimited purses. A modish book of recipes suitable for houses that have a real cook in the kitchen.

Plato and his Dialogues. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Allen and Unwin. 6s.
A lifetime of friendship with the Greek poet-philospher inspires this hand-book to the dialogues, a hand-book free from dryness or the vices of the text-book.

About Motoring

THE MOTOR CYCLE INDUSTRY

FEW national industries deserve more sympathy than the firms who build motor cycles. By sheer hard work and technical efficiency they had established a notable supremacy on the world's markets, and created a substantial export trade. In the field of racing, their professional riders were as invincible as Bobby Jones on the golf links; if no British rider entered for a race victory normally fell to a foreigner riding a British machine. Their quality was so high that steep tariffs could not keep their machines out of Continental countries, and their ideas influenced and guided design in other lands. In their more tepid days they had allowed German and American machines to capture markets in our own overseas dominions; but they recovered from these bad starts, and reconquered the lost trade. They eschewed profiteering, and in 1929 were supplying the home public with first-class machines at less than pre-war prices. Then came the slump. Exports dwindled to a mere trickle, and the home market simply evaporated. For motor cycles sell principally to the prosperous artisan, and to young males of the public school and undergraduate type. The prosperous artisan is hard to find in these days; where he exists, he is well aware that his prosperity hangs by a thread, and he is disinclined to spend money. Few parents of well-to-do families are still in a position to equip their sons with expensive luxuries. The market for motor cycles has not entirely disappeared. The speedcops take a certain number. The War Office, the Post Office, and other Government departments use a few hundred machines. There are thousands of utility riders in the country, though most of them are compulsorily making shift with their old mounts. But the sales of new motor cycles during the spring of 1932 must necessarily be very small. Such a fate

Your Good Fortune!

You were fortunate to go to the theatre last week, where you thoroughly enjoyed that amusing play. Lucky again to have had that glorious run in the car last week-end; to have had those wonderful views of the sea when you were walking along the cliff's edge in Cornwall; to have seen those quaint streets in that mediæval town abroad when you were on your summer holidays. Lucky, indeed, are you to be reading this advertisement. Why? Because you can ***see!***

What would you do if you couldn't see? How the interests of your life would be changed! Think of what you have done to-day.

"Moorfields" has fought for 127 years to save the sight of men, women and children, too poor themselves to pay for the skill of eminent ophthalmic surgeons.

"Moorfields" is the Greatest Eye Hospital in the world. NEW Out-patients numbered 46,517 last year, including 14,208 casualties; 2,547 In-patients occupied beds.

"Moorfields" costs £100 a day. Will you be one of a hundred "New Statesman and Nation" readers to give a Pound to run the Hospital for New Year's Day, 1932?

卐 卐 卐

Put a Treasury Note in an envelope now, please!

卐 卐 卐

"MOORFIELDS"
ROYAL LONDON
OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL
City Road, London, E.C.1.

Mention "N. S. & N." Pound Fund, please.

CANADIAN CLUB
tobacco

Navy Cut · Flake · Curly Cut · Mixture and Rough Cut

•

Grown next door to Virginia in America's sunniest spot

11½D. per oz. **for 2 ozs. 1/10**

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited, proprietors. Established 1844.

THE INSTITUTE OF POLITICAL SECRETARIES

Sound Preparation is essential to a Successful
POLITICAL CAREER

Such Preparation is given by expert Tutors at the only Institute of its kind in the Empire. Also Candidates are prepared for the Diplomatic and Consular Services, the C.S., the League of Nations, I.C.S., etc. Moderate Terms.

Write :—COL. PHILIP J. WOODS, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
The Institute of Political Secretaries,
5, Woodstock House, James Street, London, W.1
Phone : Mayfair 2193.

C.B.C. THE MOTHERS' CLINIC. C.B.C.

Founded by **Dr. Marie Stopes.**

The first Birth Control Clinic in the British Empire and still only FREE Clinic.

Opened 17th March, 1921, at Holloway. In its first years of successful work it has helped thousands, including doctors, nurses and midwives.

OPEN DAILY (except Saturday). Hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Address *Telephone MUSEUM 9528*

108, Whitfield St., Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

(One minute from Warren Street Tube Station, Tottenham Court Road.)

Preliminary Notes on various Technical Aspects of the Control of Conception. Based on the Analysed Data from

TEN THOUSAND CASES.

Price SIXPENCE from the above.

THE BIRMINGHAM BUREAU OF RESEARCH ON RUSSIAN ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

attached to the Russian Department of the University of Birmingham, is issuing a series of

MEMORANDA

on vital issues in the Russia of to-day.

The cost of the Service is 8/6 and includes four to six Memoranda per annum. Copies are not sold separately. Cheques should be made payable to the "Birmingham Bureau of Research," and all communications addressed to the Secretary, Russian Department the University, Birmingham.

The following Memoranda have already appeared:

May 1931, No. 1. Remarks on the Five Year Plan.

July 1931, No. 2. The Foreign Trade of the U.S.S.R.

Nov. 1931, No. 3. The National Income of the U.S.S.R.

A fourth Memorandum will be issued in January, 1932.

is wholly undeserved by an industry which has at the very worst only committed one small blunder of policy, namely that of concentrating too heavily on the high speed sporting machine.

In this serious emergency the industry is behaving well, and seizing such small opportunities as occur. It held its annual Show, which was very poorly attended; there were 5,000 visitors on the opening day, as compared with 8,000 in 1930. Of these visitors comparatively few were buyers. One continental engineer desired to place an order for approximately £4,000 worth, but his Government had just passed a law forbidding its banks to sell more than £10 of sterling to any one customer, and he could not obtain the necessary bills. Most of the familiar touring and semi-racing bicycles were on exhibition in slightly improved forms, but they found few buyers. It is possible that sales will be brisker towards Easter, as many of the smaller "drummers," who have driven small cars in the past, may cut their travelling expenses by riding motor cycles; but the pleasure market is sure to be curtailed. The industry is pushing two new types of motor cycle in the effort to create and exploit fresh markets. One of these is the so-called "Snowden" motor bicycle, already described in these pages. Continental countries have attempted for some years past to render their labour more mobile by freeing miniature motor cycles from tax. The late Chancellor correspondingly reduced the British tax on tiny machines to 15s. per annum, and most factories now produce a "Snowden" machine at prices from £15 to £25. These handy little mounts weigh from 1 cwt. upwards; cover perhaps 150 miles on one gallon of fuel: climb all main road hills; and are tolerably comfortable and trustworthy, though few of them can exceed 35 miles an hour. They have not caught on with the public to any great extent, probably because the retailers dislike them for the same reason that an agent dislikes the £100 car. The retail commission on them is trifling, and the customer is likely to expect at least as much free service as he would receive with a costlier model. Many agents openly say that it does not pay them to sell any motor bicycle on which they do not earn a sales commission of £5: and such a percentage is not practicable on these small machines. I can only say that the Continental agent sells them with enthusiasm, and seems to find the task worth his while; he probably works harder, and pays his mechanics less.

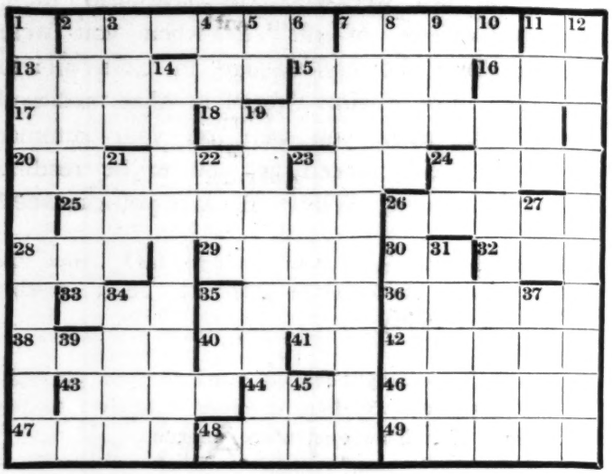
As a second new string to their bow the manufacturers have launched out with a range of entirely novel motor cycle carriers. The typical examples are of the tricycle class with two wheels astern, usually with a differential axle and widely spaced rear wheels. The single steering wheel is housed under a miniature "cab" which is an exact copy of the familiar hooded fronts fitted to three-ton lorries. It provides the driver with complete protection from the weather, and no special gymnastics are required for him to cock his leg over the saddle. The rear body, built on to the wooden cab, is of the box or van type, and is designed to hold from a quarter to half a ton of goods. The price is usually in the region of £80. These new lorryettes are genuinely statesmanlike vehicles. The percentage of pay load to machine weight is phenomenally high. The first cost is much lower than that of any rival type of light carrier. The fuel bill is economical, for they will run about three times as far on a gallon of petrol as any of their existing rivals in the shape of four-wheeled vans. Tax and insurance are correspondingly cheap. From the driver's point of view nothing could be better, as they can turn in their own length, and manœuvre better in confined spaces than any other form of motor. They should not only bring a little grist to factories running on half time, but may solve certain transport problems for a good many commercial firms.

Perhaps the most brilliant introduction at the Show was a tiny sidecar chassis, fitted with light box body, and known as the "Trek." It is so light and simple that it can be marketed ready attached to a 150 c.c. two-stroke motor bicycle for about £28. Many small tradesmen would jump at the offer of a light and fairly fast delivery vehicle at this price; and it is perfectly dependable and efficient. The bicycle portion of the outfit may be of any familiar and well-tried pattern. The total tax is only 35s. per annum, viz., £1 for the sidecar and 15s. for the bicycle. The sidecar chassis consists of a light rectangle of steel tube, insulated from the sidecar axle by a quarter-elliptic spring. Inside this tubular rectangle a light box is suspended by four coil springs in adjustable tension, one spring at each corner. The resulting insulation from road shocks is so good that a nurseryman could use it to deliver such a fragile cargo as tomatoes or hothouse grapes without any anxieties whatsoever; glass goods could safely be conveyed in it. The sidecar wheel is no larger than those of a child's miniature bicycle, but such a tyre is equal to the light load; and in the event of puncture the side-wheel can be instantly interchanged with a spare mounted on the tail of the box. It would be a little rash to commission so light a vehicle for daily use on the stone setts of some northern towns, but it is entirely suitable for light duty in many urban districts. The upkeep costs will be infinitesimal, and the driver can, of course, be a mere youth.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



TWO BY TWO

Specific clues are not given for 2, 11, 13, 18, 25, 32, 43 and 49 (rev.) across, or for 1, 12, 14 (rev.), 26, 31, and 35 down. In these fourteen spaces are to be arranged the following pairs:

The *genii loci* of a West-end rendezvous.
Fore-runners of the Heptarchy.
Two gentlemen easily "rattled."
Oyster fans.
Stars which commemorate an affinity.
Navigators of a pea-green boat.
Sine quibus non of the cocktail bar.

ACROSS.

7. He is enshrined in every child's pantheon.
15 *rev.* Lover off his nut.
16. The Middle West's idea of Cleopatra.
17. Sounds a very odd lake.
20 *rev.* Evidently we can't skate.
23. Shelley says chameleons feed on it.
24. Pea's wings.
26 *rev.* Illustrious illustrator.
28. Was sickly after 41.
29 *rev.* One of the best-hated men in history.
30 *rev.* See 40.
33. Flies with a mingled tear following.
35. Gang your ain.
36. Pull the ears.
38. You want an "open" mind.
40. Not always welcome after 30 *rev.*
41. See 28.
42. Compounded of three.
44. Beginnings of black magic.
46. Knotted halter.
47. The reverse of tranquil.
48. One good bird deserves another.

DOWN.

2. A pretty dry one.
3. Liquid mixed in solid.
4, 5. Wolf that suckled Romulus.
6 *rev.* What gents wear in Brooklyn.
7. Can't be danced without any.
8. Mother of James I and VI in trouble.
9 *rev.* I leave you, image.
10. Quite absorbing.
11. Team-mate of Mr. Tittle.
19. You can be sure of one shell.
21 *rev.* Look for me on a sixpence.
22 *rev.* I act—in the past.
23 *rev.* One of the Craig family.
24. Wheels within wheels.
27 *rev.* I had a certain Oriental charm.
34. Some more of the Middle West.
37. Distributed burden.
39. Nothing is lost in a foreign capital.
45. Half of 38.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. inimitability. 13. non-observance. 15. puff. 16. ea-sie-st. 17. al(tar). 18. ani(seed). 19. frill. 21. l-arc-h. 23. rod(din). 25. Lisa (ails). 26. lea (loo). 27. (m)oro(n). 28. trees. 29. Urim. 30. R.S.E. 31. In(man). 33. lath. 36. Beam *rev.* (*At Mrs. Beam's*). 38. bap *rev.* 39. boils. 40. ten. 41. need. 43. urus (you're us). 44. enact. 46. acer (maple). 47. simple-hearted.

DOWN.—1, 3. in partibus infidelium. 2. noun. 4. moffle. 5. iberis. 6. enthusiast *rev.* 7. sea *rev.* 8. brilliance (=nil calibre). 9. Lascar. 10. introspect. 11. act *rev.* 12. yellowbird. 14. vehement. 20. larme. 22. area. 24. or. 32. iron *rev.* 34. alap (pals). 35. lest *rev.* 37. bear. 42. Dee. 45. ah (eight).

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

Sportsmen and others will like to have a shot at this:

A cricket team has two bowlers, Smith and Jones. Before their last match their averages are the same, and they have taken 30 wickets between them. In the last match Smith takes 3 for 24, and Jones 2 for 26. Their averages for the season are now worked out and are found in each case to be 4. What are their respective figures for the season?

CALIBAN.

When you sit down to your Christmas Dinner

you will be all the happier if you can feel that some poor family is thinking of you with gratitude.

Good parcels of food and fare, bought on favourable terms, in large quantities and sufficient to last over the Christmas period, are being distributed to really deserving families by the Church Army. Will *you* pay for one or more?

Please send your gift to-day to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Church Army Headquarters, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.
(Cheques should be crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army.")

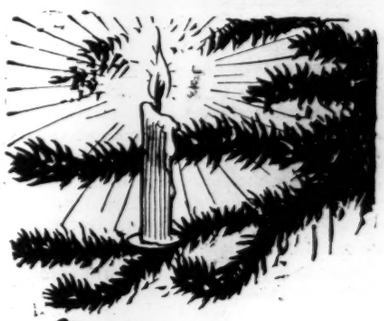
THE
CHURCH ARMY

THE FAMILY CIRCLE
CHRISTMAS
IS THERE ROOM FOR US ?

PLEASE SEND A
CHRISTMAS GIFT
TO OUR
4,700
LITTLE CHILDREN

WAIFS & STRAYS
THE SOCIETY

Dr. WESTCOTT (*Secretary*), KENNINGTON, S.E.11



IF the Tree *catches fire*

—all will have been in vain.

And so with a young life. Brought into the world to be cherished and loved, and to brighten the lives of others, its path too often is beset by GRAVE RISKS.

Little children who are denied the natural protection of loving parents or guardians are shielded from NEGLECT, CRUELTY and OTHER EVILS by

The N.S.P.C.C.

AT THIS TIME PARTICULARLY, when happiness for children is in the minds of all, will you please send a Christmas donation to:—

The Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or to the Director, William J. Elliott, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY
AND RAGGED SCHOOL UNION (1844)

Patrons . . . THE KING AND THE QUEEN.
Treasurers: SIR EDWIN DODD AND WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

'REMEMBER THE POOR' AND SEND A
CHRISTMAS GIFT
TO HELP LONDON'S SLUMLAND CHILDREN.

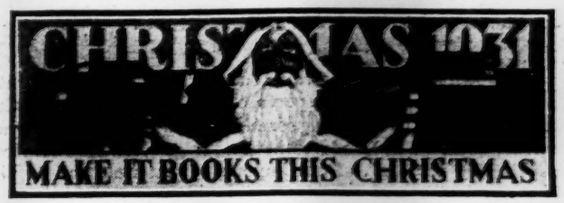
CRIPPLE MISSION (9,000 on register).

14 CHILDREN'S HOMES AND CAMPS.

BAREFOOT MISSION (garments, boots, toys, good cheer, etc.)

165 ASSOCIATED MISSIONS IN GREATER LONDON.

DONATIONS in Money and in Goods are urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by
ARTHUR BLACK, General Secretary,
John Kirk House, 32, John Street, W.C.1.



THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE LAST OF PRESIDENT HOOVER—FIVE PER CENT. WAR LOAN—THE FUTURE OF THE POUND—AN EMPIRE CURRENCY

THE New York Stock Exchange, after maintaining its courage fairly well in the face of drastic dividend reductions, was plunged into the depths of gloom by the constructive measures announced by President Hoover to Congress. The President, who first of all denied the existence of the world slump, later admitted it but said it was finished, and now attempts to cure it by Emergency Credit Corporations with quite insignificant resources, is, I fear, utterly discredited in America and eliminated as a stock market factor. I would like to introduce the New York Stock Exchange to the "Unclaimed Wealth Utilisation Committee," of Geneva, whose energetic chairman, Mr. A. H. Abbati, issues provocative but constructive bulletins once a month. The "unclaimed wealth" refers to unemployed labour and capital as well as to Mr. Abbati's ideas. The immediate objective of the Committee is to induce the gold standard countries to inflate by reducing taxation, by increasing Government expenditure and by creating enormous budgetary deficits to be covered by credits at the central banks. These ideas may seem wild and impracticable, but they are nearer realisation than perhaps Mr. Abbati himself imagines. The deficit on the American Budget this year, according to Mr. Hoover, is $2,100,000,000—£642,000,000 at the current rate of exchange—while the French Budget deficit is estimated at £70,000,000 at 83½ francs to the pound. Both countries are now feeling what an economic war can be like. America will enter the New Year with a horde of unemployed of between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000. France, in spite of the demands of her standing Army, cannot prevent the army of her unemployed from rising. The gold standard countries will yet have inflation thrust upon them. For quick action Mr. Abbati should put himself at the head of the hunger-marchers in New York.

* * *

Could not 5 per cent. War Loan be included in this "Buy British" campaign? Its market price has sunk as I write to 93, to yield £5 7s. 8d. per cent. flat, and if it falls much lower I will suggest to Mr. Gordon Selfridge that he offers it in £1 units in his bargain basement. Has the National Government no friends in the City to show their confidence in its future by buying the stock which is *par excellence* the stock of the *rentier* classes? Five years of power for a Government pledged to a Conservative policy means that however low commodity prices may fall, however burdensome war-created money debts may become, the contracts existing between State and bondholders will not be tampered with in this period. The only risk that the holder of 5 per cent. War Loan may run is the risk during these five years of being paid out at par—that is, of being given a bonus of £7 per £100 if he buys at 93. If 5 per cent. War Loan turns out to be a short-dated stock so much the better, for no one in their senses wants to buy a long-dated Government stock exposed in these days of crisis to the lowering influence of a high bank rate, if not to liquidation from the joint stock banks. I have already argued that if the domestic purchasing power of the pound declines, all money incomes will be affected alike, so that there is no need, other than the consideration of money rates, to disturb the ratio that previously existed between the market price of £100 of 5 per cent War Loan and the fixed £5 payable thereon. But it appears that those who not long ago applauded the Government's determination to maintain the internal purchasing power of the pound are now doubtful whether the "goods" will be produced. The slump in the sterling exchange has scared them. Now that the French Government has guaranteed the Bank of France against exchange losses on its sterling balances (which are estimated at £62,000,000) anything might happen to the pound. We are at war and the pound is in the front line.

* * *

A well-known firm of stockbrokers does well to invite its clients to look at the long term prospects of sterling. Eventually the pound will be worth to the foreigner what it will command in terms of British goods. The London and Cambridge Economic Service, finding that 50 per cent. of our imports of materials and 60 per cent. of our imports of foodstuffs in 1929 came from countries which are now "off" the gold standard, calculated that the index of the cost-of-living this winter need not rise by more than 7½ per cent. with sterling at a discount of 20 per cent. One firm of stockbrokers, taking the depreciation of sterling at 33⅓ per cent., points out that the index of the cost of living need not rise by more than 15 per cent., which brings us back to the 1929 price level, and it concludes: "If labour will accept such a reduction in the real value of wages there is only the enhanced cost of imported raw materials to be added to the price of British goods, so that production costs need be advanced only slightly by the present depreciation in sterling. Hence the pound should eventually find stabilisation at a much higher level than that ruling to-day, even without a general tariff." But will labour accept a 15 per cent. reduction in the real value of wages following upon the cuts which have already been made in money rates of wages? And what effect will the new tariffs have upon production costs? Lloyds Bank, in its December Review, pleads for a "low" tariff of 10 per cent., which it says, would be understood on the Continent, and from this basis argues that sterling might be stabilised at $4.30, giving our industries a "protection" of nearly 25 per cent. Certainly we must "gravitate to an exchange rate," as Sir Josiah Stamp told Manchester University in his lecture this week, "that will correspond with a price level at which our economic machine will function smoothly." This is platitudinous, but Sir Josiah Stamp, even so, felt compelled to appeal to our bankers for "a less obvious indifference to or lack of toleration of" the principles of monetary theorists.

* * *

It is very important to see how far the mind of the banker has progressed in the matter of the stabilisation of the pound. One school regards anything less than a return to the old gold parity as rank dishonesty. Lloyds Bank in its Review is a little more advanced. It declares: "In proportion as we fix the new parity of sterling below $4.866 we are compounding with our foreign creditors. Common honesty demands that we shall fix the new parity at as high a point as is reasonably practicable. . . Honesty and self-interest equally demand that we should abandon all idea of going back to $4.866 for the simple reason that we cannot hold it. We must on no account risk a second default." Mr. Goodenough, chairman of Barclays, in an address to the Institute of Actuaries, admitted that we had to continue for the time with a managed currency, but this was because he could not visualise a return to the gold standard without an international agreement regarding the distribution of the world's stock of gold and "a willingness on the part of the gold standard countries to allow gold movements to exert their normal influence upon the credit structure." It is apparent that the orthodox British banker is still hide-bound by the rules of the old gold standard. Mr. Goodenough, for example, cannot understand how an adjustment between internal and external prices can be made unless a currency is linked to gold. Is it not possible that the nations should fix their exchange-rates as between themselves for all time on a given basis of world commodity prices and then readjust their internal prices to the world price index by management of their paper currencies? Under such a system the need for gold as a standard of value would disappear altogether. Elaborate and carefully compiled price indices would have to be maintained, but that would be less expensive than maintaining the gold standard. We must let our bankers know that we are not going to be pushed back on to gold just because their minds are not broad enough to consider any other system.

* * *

Mr. Goodenough does not believe that a purely managed currency would appeal to the Dominions and Colonies as a suitable system for an Empire Currency. I suggest that he asks Captain C. B. Lochner to call upon him. Captain Lochner comes with a flourish of high introductions from New Zealand to plead for the demetallisation of the pound and for the creation of a paper currency for the Empire. He has written a pamphlet called "England Shall Stand"—presumably on a paper pound—and he looks to the Bank of England functioning as the Central Reserve Bank of the Empire, with Dominion representatives on its Court of Directors. The weakness of Captain Lochner's proposition is that he does not eliminate exchange fluctuations—he hopes that the Bank of England will be able to quote "fairly stable forward exchange"—and still keeps to gold (unminted) as a supplementary means of liquidating international indebtedness or raising international loans. This would not work. We must either have the gold standard back again (with certain modifications) or abolish gold altogether.

NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS
Just Published. Illustrated. Price 10/6 net.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF
The 'BOUNTY' MUTINEERS

Edited by
OWEN RUTTER

RECENT VOLUMES:

CAPTAIN KIDD	DR. SMETHURST
JAMES STUART	A. A. ROUSE
HAROLD GREENWOOD	GEORGE CHAPMAN

A pamphlet containing full particulars of the series will be sent free on application

WILLIAM HODGE & CO.
LIMITED.
EDINBURGH : LONDON : GLASGOW

M. J. Bonn
PROSPERITY
Myth and Reality in American Economic Life

THE OBSERVER
'So clearly, so dispassionately written that it should attract any reader curious about world affairs . . . a masterly consideration of America's relations with the outside world . . . ideal in general interest, clarity and style.'

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
'One of the most human of living economists . . . illumined by a rare combination of philosophic detachment and practical knowledge . . . lucid and lively.'

At all Libraries and Booksellers
7s. 6d. net.

MARTIN HOPKINSON
23 SOHO SQUARE

Now that you can invest your savings with confidence
BUILD BRITISH FACTORIES IN BRITAIN

WELWYN COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS
LIMITED
Offers for Subscription
£18,000 5½% First Mortgage Debenture Stock @ £98

IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT—

1.—The Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co., Ltd., are the Trustees for the Stockholders.

2.—The Stock is secured by a first mortgage on specific industrial and commercial buildings.

3.—Interest on the Stock is covered nearly three times over by the profit rentals.

Write for a Prospectus to the Secretary, Welwyn Commercial Buildings Limited, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

TATE & LYLE, LTD.

IMPROVED RESULTS DESPITE COMPETITION

FUTURE OF THE BRITISH SUGAR INDUSTRY

SIR ERNEST TATE'S REVIEW

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Tate and Lyle, Ltd., was held on Thursday, December 3rd, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

SIR ERNEST WILLIAM TATE, BT. (the president), occupied the chair.

The SECRETARY (Mr. W. Herbert Dickie) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The PRESIDENT said:—Gentlemen,—Before proceeding with the formal business I wish to refer to the loss which the company has sustained by the death of its secretary, Mr. Charles R. Hutchinson, which took place suddenly about a month ago. He had been in our employ since the amalgamation in 1921, and previous to that had thirty-five years' service with Messrs. Abram Lyle and Sons. He was a man who was a general favourite with all who knew him, and he will be greatly missed. I will ask you to stand for a moment as a tribute to his memory.

Those present having stood in silence for a few moments,

The PRESIDENT said:—When we met here last year it was my unpleasant duty to inform you that the good work of our refineries and sales organisation had been—to a large extent—nullified by a rapid and unprecedented fall in the raw sugar market, which had the effect of wiping out a large proportion of the refining profits owing to the loss on our stock of raw material.

This year, I am happy to say, we have not been faced by any abnormal circumstances, and I think you will agree that the balance-sheet now placed before you is a satisfactory one. (Hear, hear.)

LARGE ALLOCATIONS TO RESERVES

You will notice that, while recommending the payment of a reasonable dividend, we have allocated the large sum of £350,000 to various reserves. This figure is equal to over 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary capital.

The dividend reserve, which we were compelled to draw upon last year, has been restored to the original figure. I should like to point out that the investment reserve, which stands at £261,000, represents the whole of the dividends received from the various beet-sugar factories in which we are interested after deducting 5 per cent. on the capital invested.

The figure standing to the credit of investment revenue in the profit and loss account is, you will notice, less than last year. This is mainly accounted for by the lower dividends received from the various beet-sugar factories, and in a smaller degree to the fact that—in pursuance of our declared policy—the remainder of our gilt-edged securities have been sold to pay off the bank overdraft.

TREND OF SUGAR PRICES.

On October 1st, 1930, the raw sugar market was at about its lowest. Since then there has been a gradual upward tendency, with occasional spurts which have not been maintained for any length of time. Owing to the general world conditions the market has been dull and lifeless, and the average level of prices has remained low. When this country went off the gold standard and the pound became worth about 16s. there was an immediate rise in price of about 1s. 6d. per cwt.—namely, from 5s. 6d. to about 7s. per cwt.—but this rise has not been wholly maintained.

It is obvious, of course, that the raw sugar which we buy from dollar countries will cost us more; but this country is dependent upon countries with dollar currency only to the extent of 50 per cent. of its requirements, and it is perhaps due to this fact that the whole effect of the depreciation in sterling is not felt in the price of sugar here—part of it being borne by the dollar countries themselves.

I must point out, however, that the statistical position is becoming considerably stronger. The estimates for the production of sugar in Europe show a very large decrease, and the reserve stocks in Cuba are disappearing. It may take some time, but I am convinced there is a tendency for the price to go up all over the world. Indeed, had it not been for the general trade depression the facts I have stated would have caused a rise before this.

INCREASED SALES FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

The output from our various refineries has been practically the same as last year. Our sales for home consumption have increased, but there has been a falling off in export business.

During the past year competition has been very keen, which has caused a great deal of price-cutting, with a consequent loss of profit to all concerned. Owing to the fact that a number of beat-sugar factories melt—and turn out in the form of refined—imported raw sugar during the time when all the home-grown beetroots have been worked up, the refining capacity of this country is becoming greater than its requirements. In these circumstances competition is bound to be keen, but, as I have said before, our sales for home consumption increased during the last year, and I have no doubt that, with skilful management both in the refineries and sale rooms, we shall be able to maintain our output, and thus keep our cost of production low. It is really on this feature, and with due care in the purchasing of raw sugar, that the success of the business depends.

HOME-GROWN BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY.

A gratifying feature is the increasing proportion of raw sugar which is reaching us from the home-grown beet factories.

What the future may have in store for that industry can only be guessed, but it seems fairly certain that further assistance will be sought from H.M. Government. I cannot imagine that the Government will ask the taxpayers of this country for further sacrifices in order to provide increased assistance or a permanent subsidy for beet sugar, unless the request comes from the British sugar industry as a whole. We can hardly be expected to do anything but oppose with all the power at our command any attempt to subsidise further the production of white sugar which competes directly with our finished products. (Hear, hear.)

We have always contended that the most economical and satisfactory method of working was for home-grown factories to use their plant to its utmost capacity in extracting raw sugar from as large a quantity of beets as possible, leaving the refining of the sugar to the old-established sugar refineries, which are specially equipped for this purpose. We are pleased to see that—after trial—this method is being more generally adopted. It is only on such lines that the British sugar industry as a whole can be united in a common policy.

EFFICIENCY OF THE REFINERIES.

I need hardly add that our refineries have been kept in a high state of efficiency owing to the skill and energy of the various heads of departments and the workpeople under them, and to these the board of directors wish to tender their sincere thanks for their loyalty and co-operation.

We also wish to tender our thanks to our sales managers, agents, office staffs, and all others connected in the ramifications of our business for the good work performed in the past.

After two years' service as manager we have invited Mr. Geoffrey Fairrie to join the board, and, being eligible, he will offer himself for election.

Mr. W. H. Dickie, who has been assistant secretary for some years, has been appointed secretary in place of the late Mr. Charles R. Hutchinson.

The President then moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of the dividends as recommended.

SIR LEONARD LYLE (chairman of the company), seconded the resolution.

DIRECTORS AND STAFF CONGRATULATED.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ASSHETON POWNALL, M.P.—Mr. Chairman,—If I might, I should like just to say a few words of appreciation on the very remarkable results which have been put before us this morning. You, sir, said there was nothing abnormal in the figures, but I venture to think that the year 1931 was really quite abnormal, and we, the members of Tate and Lyle, Limited, are lucky to have an increased dividend this year. I happen to have had a business career of some thirty-six years, and one has never known industrial companies to have such difficult times as those they have been passing through in the year 1931. Those of us with shareholdings fairly widespread know that in almost every case interim dividends have been reduced or passed, and final dividends have very often not been paid, and I am afraid that this is the only case where one is in the happy position of having an appreciable increase in the dividend paid in respect of the year 1931. I do just want to thank you most warmly—the board and the staff—for these very excellent results.

There is one special feature I notice in connection with the accounts: last year I think you said that the sum of £80,000 had been withdrawn for reasons which you then explained; this year we are not only replacing that £80,000—you, sir, were unduly modest, if I may say so, on that score—but I make out that we have not only replaced that £80,000 but £370,000 has been put to various reserves, including, of course, the extra £20,000 you are carrying forward. In other words, anything that was short-earned last year has this year been replaced five times over, and on balance we have strengthened our company by £270,000 in the two years. That, I think, is quite a unique state of affairs in a year like 1931, and I do most cordially thank all concerned for having done so much to sweeten our Christmas. (Laughter.)

(*Continued on page 769*)

SKILFUL ADMINISTRATION.

SIR DOUGLAS NEWTON, K.B.E., M.P.—Mr. Chairman,—I should like to endorse what has been said by the previous speaker. I think the results reflect the highest possible credit on the board and those engaged on the administration of the company's affairs. Their skilful administration has meant that at a time of great financial depression we are reaping a very great reward from their work. The signal success which they have achieved is not for us alone; it is for the coal miner and for the income tax payer, for we are one of the few companies which are going to contribute a really substantial sum to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in that respect also the board deserve the very hearty thanks of all we poor income tax payers. (Hear, hear.)

THE PRESIDENT.—On behalf of the board generally I wish to thank Colonel Sir Assheton Pownall and Sir Douglas Newton for their very kind remarks. It is a great satisfaction to us to have been able to put such an excellent balance-sheet before you, and it is also a great pleasure to know that our efforts have been appreciated. (Hear, hear.)

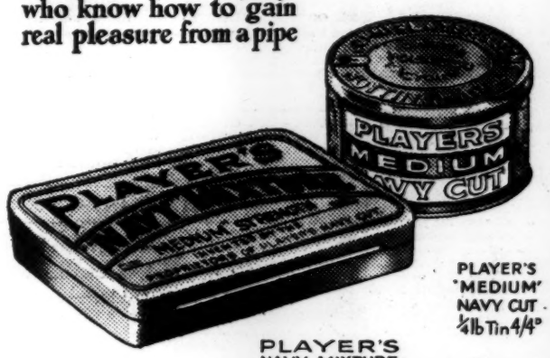
The resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and the auditors were re-appointed.

The PRESIDENT having announced that the dividend warrants would be posted to the shareholders on Tuesday, the 15th inst., the proceedings terminated.

Give Player's this Christmas

Smoked for years by men who know how to gain real pleasure from a pipe



PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT ¼lb Tin 4/4°

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE 2oz Tin 2/2°

PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE
OR
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

NCT 4 C.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

A CHALLENGE TO NEURASTHENIA

"Miss D. M. Armitage's excellent little book."—*Prescriber.*

"We gladly welcome a fourth and revised edition of this little book which was greatly commended upon its first appearance. Its personal interest as a record of the wonderful work of the late Dr. L. S. Barnes, O.B.E., is hardly less than its value as 'a challenge to neurasthenia.'"—*Universe.*

"The book deserves the attention it has already received."
London Quarterly Review.

Cloth, 2/6. Paper, 1/6.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, LTD., 38, Great Ormond St., W.C.1.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

Here is the way to treat a cold!

It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, in stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean, penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief, instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. A drop on each end of your pillow fights a cold during the night.

Always have a bottle of Vapex handy Guard your own health and that of your children. A drop of Vapex on their "hankies" will protect them from the ravages of the common cold.

Of all Chemists 2/- and 3/-
(Double quantity in 3/- size)

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V74

DO NOT FORGET THE CHILDREN
THEY MUST COME FIRST

Please help us to bring Happiness into the lives of 1,100 poor Boys and Girls taken from poverty; some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(Founded 1843)

PLEAD MOST EARNESTLY FOR IMMEDIATE FUNDS

Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off

PLEASE HELP US
THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Senate invite applications for the Stevenson Chair of International History tenable at the London School of Economics. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on 8 Jan., 1932, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

YOUNG man (22) good education; fluent French and Italian; five years' commercial experience, literary tastes, requires post demanding intelligence.—Box 117, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tele.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—Mrs. BROOKER, 37, Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

A PROMPT WAY TO SATISFACTION
DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING
TRANSLATIONS, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6, Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3168/4.)

TYPEWRITING. Author's MSS., Plays, etc. DUPLICATING. Moderate Terms. Miss Mills, Typewriting Office, 5a, Harpur Place, Bedford.

TRAINING CENTRES

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.
(University of London.)
Principal: GEORGE SENTER, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.
Evening Courses for the Degree of the University of London in the
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND LAWS.
Courses in Classical French, English, German and Italian Literature and Languages.
Open to Non-University Students.
Studentships to the value of over £800 are awarded annually to students of the College.
Calendar, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d. Prospectus free.
For full particulars, apply to the SECRETARY,
BIRKBECK COLLEGE, FETTER LANE, E.C.4.

EAST LONDON COLLEGE (University of London, E.1).—UNIVERSITY COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, AND ENGINEERING (Civil, Mechanical and Electrical). Fee £22 10s. a year. Residential Halls for Men and for Women Students. Prospectus post free.—E. J. WIGNALL, Registrar.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37, Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees, £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14, The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

CAREERS FOR GIRLS. Matlock Modern School specialises in Vocational Guidance and Training. Write for Advice and Booklet to the PRINCIPAL, Modern School, Matlock.

PRIVATE TUITION

OXFORD M.A., History Teacher, will take girls in her house in South Country and coach them for History Scholarships, etc. Low fees. Good references.—Apply Box 116, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

SCHOOLS

ABBOTSHOLME SCHOOL, DERBYSHIRE. £60 and £30 Scholarships. Junior Tests, March 7th to 10th. Senior Tests, May 30th to June 2nd, 1932.—Particulars from THE SECRETARY, near Rocester, Stafford.

HOME School near London for children, from two years.—Wensley House, Woodford Green, Essex.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon. Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education, free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal: BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX. Co-educational, ages 10–18. Junior School, ages 7–10. Fees, Boarders £99 per annum. Day Scholars £30.—Prospectus from HEADMASTER.

LANGFORD GROVE, Maldon, Essex, provides a wide training fitting the girls either for home life or for independent careers. Individual gifts receive the utmost encouragement. Langford is forty miles from London, and combines the advantages of sea and country. The house stands in a beautiful park, on gravel soil, and within easy reach of bathing in the estuary. The rainfall is very low. There is a large staff of highly qualified teachers, both resident and visiting. A few scholarships are available.

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol)
A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. *President of the Board of Governors*: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. *Vice-Presidents*: Ernest Barker, Esq., Litt.D., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.; Miss E. H. Major, C.B.E., M.A. *Chairman*: J. Odery Symes, Esq., M.D. *Head Mistress*: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
HEADMISTRESS:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Boarding, tuition, books. Moderate inclusive fee. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

WEDDIKER HOUSE SCHOOL (GIRLS AND KINDERGARTEN), GROVE PARK, S.E.12. Limited number of boarders taken. Healthy, happy home life. Education on modern lines. Fully qualified staff.—Principal, Miss MILDRED STEELE.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, Lane End, Bucks, in view of the present financial depression, will in January, 1932, grant bursaries, to a limited number of girls under 12 years of age, which will materially reduce the expenses of their education during their whole school course. Application should be made as early as possible to the PRINCIPAL.

BEACON Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. Bertrand and Dora Russell. Applies modern knowledge in diet, teaching methods and psychology.—Address enquiries, PRINCIPAL.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress*: Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees, inclusive of Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, 200 guineas a year. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

A THOROUGHLY up-to-date Public School for Boys and Girls, 10–18. Individual attention; initiative encouraged.—Greater Felcourt, East Grinstead, W.3, Sussex.

SOUTHLANDS SCHOOL, Exmouth, Devon.—Girls' Boarding and Day School. Recognised by Board of Education. Large qualified staff. Civics and Junior Branch.—Apply to HEADMISTRESS.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A., Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply Mrs. E. M. SPENCER, 11, Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 13th, at 11 a.m. C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Litt. PUBLIC SERVICE AND PRIVATE GAIN.

NEW EUROPE GROUP, 55, Gower Street, W.C.1. Thursday, December 17th, at 8.30 p.m. Lecture: "INDIVIDUALISM AND THE NEW ORDER," by Mr. Lawrence Hyde. Admission 2s.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

REFORMED INNS.
170 INNS AND HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
Ask for Descriptive List (2d. *post free*).
P.R.H.A.Ltd., St. George's House, 198, Regent Street, W.1.

OUTLANDISH PROVERBS—1639 EDITION. In George Herbert's collection you may read "He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn"; no one goes out of his way in going to THE CASTLE HOTEL, OXFORD. Telephone: Oxford 2844.

EASTBOURNE.—2, Jevington Gardens. High-class vegetarian Guest House, at moderate terms. Xmas party, dancing. Full particulars on request.—Mrs. P. H. ROGERS (Cookery diploma). Tel. 866.

BOURNEMOUTH'S Food Reform Guest House, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gardens. Sea 3 mins., everything for a restful and happy holiday; very moderate tariff.—Write for Illustrated Prospectus. 'Phone 976

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation. Special Residential terms. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

BATH (¼ hour from centre). Vegetarian guest house. Fine situation and views. Gas fires in bedrooms. Terms moderate.—G. TOLLEMACHE, London Road, Bath.

EASTBOURNE, Stanley House Private Hotel, Howard Square. Central and quiet position, near Band Stand and Devonshire Park. Excellent cuisine and service. 'Phone 1364.—The Misses M. and V. STANLEY.

TESSERETE, LUGANO.—This new W.T.A. Centre is excellently suited for short holidays as well as for visitors in search of health and strength. A delightful spot in a beautiful sheltered and mild position—fog unknown. Every modern convenience and low, definitely inclusive terms. Literature from THE W.T.A., LTD. (65), Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

ROSSINIERES, BERNESE OBERLAND.—A new W.T.A. CHALET. For those who require rest and quiet, rambles or climbing, winter sports and pure mountain air, Rossinières and the Chalet de la Colline are ideal. Complete service with every modern comfort and low, definitely inclusive terms. Literature from THE W.T.A. (65), Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

ROME.—Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan wishes to recommend Elisa Boschetti's House of Study for girls. Large modern flat, best residential quarter. Terms from 40 lire per day.—Apply Hon. Sec., British Italian League, 74, Grosvenor Street, W.1.

RESTAURANTS

SABINA'S HALL, 122, Baker Street, close to station Courtyard premises. Excellent food and service. Lunches, 12 to 2.30. Table d'hôte 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9d. or à la carte Dinner, 6 till 8, 2s. 6d. Sundays, 12 till 3, 2s. 6d.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

CHARMING Furnished Apartment in Westminster house; sitting-room, bed and bath; breakfast, service and light. Moderate rent for quiet tenant. References exchanged.—Write Box 118, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

ROOM, N.5., furnished 21/-, semi-furn. 17/6 incl. gas fire, ring, use bath, kit. Cliss. 1845 after 6. Box 119, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, W.C.2.

SMALL HOUSE to let furnished Jan.-May; very reasonable rent. Write, 43 SOUTH EATON PLACE, S.W.1.

HAMPSTEAD (Belsize Park Tube, 12 minutes from Oxford Street). Charming rooms. Furnished, fully equipped (one with piano), or unfurnished, in spacious quiet house. Garden. Rent 12s. 6d.-30s.—2½, Lee size Avenue. Prim. 1048.

BRITISH SEXOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A Meeting will be held at the National Sunday League Hall, 34, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1, on Tuesday, 15th December, 1931, at 8 p.m.

MR. JOHN STEVENSON
Barrister-at-Law.

will open a discussion on

INVERSION AND THE LAW

Chairman - - - - - - - - - - Mr. R. B. Kerr, M.A., I.L.B.

Information from Hon. Sec., British Sexological Society, 4, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

The **LABOUR MONTHLY**

A MAGAZINE OF INTERNATIONAL LABOUR. Monthly. 6d. DEC. 1931.
NOTES OF THE MONTH: NEW PROBLEMS, By R.P.D.—LEFT SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM, THE OPPOSITION IN THE I.L.P., By W. RUST. THE I.L.P. WAITS TO SEE, By B. J. BOOTHROYD.—ORGANIZE THE FIGHT AGAINST THE MEANS TEST, By E. WOOLLEY.—TARIFFS & THE WORKING CLASS, By A. MacGREGOR.—THE WORKERS WELFARE LEAGUE OF INDIA, By K. S. BHAT.—MARXISM & THE NATIONAL PROBLEM, By J. STALIN. Book Reviews: The Anti-Imperialist Review, By A.E.H.—Index to Volume XIII.
Specimen copy of back number for 1d. stamp. 1931 Volume supplied for 10/6
Editorial and Publishing Offices: 7, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.1. Tel. Holborn 6656.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year	post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months	,, ,, ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months	,, ,, ...	7s. 6d.

THE MANAGER, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT QUEEN ST., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI.	GRAND HOTEL.	Wed. & Sat.
ALDWYCH.	TURKEY TIME.	Wed. & Fri.
APOLLO.	THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET.	Th. & S.
CAMBRIDGE.	ELIZABETH of ENGLAND.	Th., S.
GLOBE.	AND SO TO BED.	Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC.	AUTUMN CROCUS.	Wed. & Sat.
QUEEN'S.	BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.	W. & S.
STRAND.	COUNSEL'S OPINION.	Th. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	THE ANATOMIST.	W., S.
WYNDHAM'S.	Sats., & Mon., Dec. 28.	

THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. Tem. 7611. 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
GRAND HOTEL.
A play by VICKI BAUM.
Adapted by EDWARD KNOBLOCK.

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
TURKEY TIME.
Mary Brough and RALPH LYNN.

APOLLO. Ger. 6970. Evgs., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET.
A Comedy, by JOHN VAN DRUTEN.
EDNA BEST. HERBERT MARSHALL.

CAMBRIDGE. 8.30. Thur., Sat. & 28 Dec., 2.30.
PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY and
MATHESON LANG in
ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN.
Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.

GLOBE. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
YVONNE ARNAUD in
AND SO TO BED.
A Comedy by JAMES B. FAGAN.

LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Isobel Elsom, Francis Lederer, in
AUTUMN CROCUS.
"An Enchanting Play."—*Evening News.* Ger. 3686.

QUEEN'S. GER. 9437. LAST WEEKS.
Evgs. (excl. Xmas Eve), 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE ST.
By RUDOLF BESIER.
Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke,
Marjorie Mars, Scott Sunderland, Joan Barry.
2nd YEAR. LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

STRAND. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
COUNSEL'S OPINION.
OWEN NARES, ISABEL JEANS.
ALLAN AYNESWORTH, MORTON SELTEN.

WESTMINSTER THEATRE. Palace Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. 'Phone: Victoria 0283 & 4.
HENRY AINLEY in *THE ANATOMIST.*
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Adm. 2/5 to 9/- incl. tax).

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Temple Bar 3028.
Nightly at 8.15. Mats., Sats., & Mon., Dec. 28, 2.30.
The CASE of the FRIGHTENED LADY.
By EDGAR WALLACE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY. Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Brigitte Helm and Francis Lederer in *THE WONDERFUL LIE* (U.F.A.), and Eisenstein's Sound Symphony, *Silver Lining.* Sunday, December 13th, Conrad Veidt as *The Man Who Laughs* and a Silhouette Film.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
SCHNOZZLE! in
GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD
with WILLIAM HAINES.

MISCELLANEOUS

COME and Buy your Christmas Presents at the RUSSIAN BAZAAR and FETE on Saturday, December 12th, 3 till 10 p.m., at Hoxton Baths, Pitfield Street, near Old Street Station.
ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

ATTRACTIVE Terrier (pedigree Welsh breed) for sale, very cheap to good home. House trained, reliable with children and cats, used to London. Age 20 months. ELLIS, Romney's House, Hollybush Hill, N.W.3.

REAL SHETLAND PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, etc., also all kinds of Shetland Woollies, hand-knitted personally for you by expert knitters, plain, or in the famous "Fair-Isle" patterns, from the real soft, light, elastic, native wools. At Shetland prices, FAR LESS THAN SHOP PRICES. Write for ill'd booklet to:—S.T.163, WM. D. JOHNSON, Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104, Stornoway, N.B.

BLATTIS kills COCKROACHES wherever used in every clime, with ever increasing expedition through half a century, guaranteed, sole makers: HOWARTHS, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. p.f. or through chemists in all lands.

CHAMPAGNE CYDER of the finest quality at greatly reduced prices, during December. All English: National Mark. Excellent and economical Christmas presents. Send for list: THE QUANTOCK VALE CIDER CO., LTD., Bridgwater.

LITERARY.

FRENCH ART EXHIBITION.—The whole history of French painting written specially by the Assistant Keeper of the Louvre, Paris; illus. in colour and monotone. In 2 parts, 2s. 6d. each. Prospectus free.—BURLINGTON MAGAZINE, Bank Buildings, 16a, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

LEARN to write Articles and Stories, make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

PROFIT FROM YOUR PEN. The art of writing for the Press taught in a practical manner by a highly experienced London Journalist. Prospectus. MISS IRONSIDE, 54, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

APPEALS

EAST END MISSION (founded 1885). 52,000 Free Breakfasts given to East End Children. 15,000 Children given a Christmas treat. Old people and tired mothers not forgotten. Six doctors employed. 2,500 patients weekly. Great Religious, Social and Philanthropic Institution. Full particulars sent. Visitors invited. REV. F. W. CHUDLEIGH, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, E.1.

Our Christmas Gift!

ARE THERE NOT within your circle of friends and relations half a dozen or more men and women who are unfamiliar with THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but who might become regular readers if the paper were sent them for a few months?

We are prepared to contribute ten shillings for every six months' subscription received under this scheme. You can give a six months' subscription to any number of your friends at 5s. each (instead of the usual rate of 15s.), subject to the simple but necessary conditions to be found below. This offer includes postage to any address in the world.

Obviously this sum does not cover the actual costs of production, still less of postage; but a new reader introduced by a regular reader of the paper is far more likely to become a permanent subscriber than new readers obtained by more conventional forms of publicity. We are, therefore, prepared to regard our loss on such subscriptions as remunerative expenditure, and we invite all regular readers of the paper to make a Gift this Christmas of as many of these Five Shilling subscriptions as they can find likely subscribers amongst their friends.

To every recipient of this gift we shall (unless we receive contrary instructions) send a postcard advising him or her that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is being sent by the instructions of the giver.

CONDITIONS.

Donors of these Five Shilling Subscriptions must be regular purchasers of the paper willing themselves to continue buying the paper as hitherto for the next six months at least. Recipients of these Special 'Trial' Subscriptions must not be regular readers of this journal.

SEND 5s. FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION WITH NAMES AND ADDRESSES TO

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.